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The Nation

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1911.

The Week

Mr. Taft leaves San Francisco with his prestige visibly increased, we learn from the New York *Tribune's* correspondent. What a fickle thing must this Presidential prestige be which rises and falls like the thermometer, with the day and the hour. At Kansas City it rains, the crowd is rather undemonstrative, and Taft stock breaks for a sharp decline. At Tacoma Mr. Taft greatly improves his standing by calling it Mt. Tacoma and not Mt. Rainier. In southern Idaho the President suffers from a sore throat and the outlook for 1912 grows correspondingly gloomy. At San Francisco he turns the first sod for the Panama Exposition and La Follette's chances dwindle to ridiculous proportions. A Presidential swing around the circle thus assumes the character of an elaborate plucking at the petals of the daisy, with "He loves me" and "He loves me not" following each other in regular succession. In spite of the volatile nature of our democracy we do not believe that the fortunes of a public man are made, unmade, and remade within the space of a day or two. The Western trip will undoubtedly have its effect upon Mr. Taft's political fortunes, but that effect will be visible only months afterward, when the country has had time to appraise the President's record as a whole.

Monday's meeting of Progressive Republicans in Chicago seems to have been shunned by several Republican Senators and other leaders who had been expected to be present, but it went through its business directly and promptly. The platform adopted suffers from the weakness of most political platforms in being conveniently vague. It explicitly favors a Presidential primary, but its programme of Trust legislation seems to have been modelled on the good old Republican planks about protection—duties to protect the manufacturer, yet so adjusted as in no conceivable way to injure the consumer. Similarly, the Progressives are to make big business "safe and stable," while at the same time "fully safeguarding the interests of the public." At one point the drafters of the platform did not wholly escape a logical pitfall. Their movement, they assert, aims to "wrest the control of the government from special privilege," yet in the next breath they add that "the present condition of uncertainty in business is intolerable and destructive of industrial prosperity." The inference appears unavoidable that special privilege in control has not known how to care for its own. Possibly, it has not been so entirely in control as the Progressives, for the sake of campaign argument, feel bound to affirm!

That the Chicago meeting should have endorsed Senator La Follette for the Presidency was a foregone conclusion. His friends were in a great majority, and they know exactly what they want. As much cannot be said for men in the reputed attitude of ex-Secretary Garfield, who was understood to be on the ground in the interest of Mr. Roosevelt. This would mean that Mr. Garfield was there to keep in touch with the Progressive movement, to lay a restraining hand upon it, and to prevent it from committing itself too definitely to the fortunes of any man except the one whose candidacy next year—nothing said about 1916—would be a "genuine calamity." If all this was as reported, however, it must be admitted that Mr. Garfield bore himself as a thorough Rooseveltian. That is to say, finding himself in a small minority, he went cheerfully with the majority.

Inasmuch as Mr. Roosevelt's stand on the passport controversy now under way between this government and Russia is unmistakably on the right side, it does not matter that the reasoning by which he approaches his position is completely at variance with what he has recently written concerning international disputes, national honor, and arbitration. Speaking of Russia's refusal to admit American citizens of the Jewish faith, Mr. Roosevelt asserts that "under no circumstances would we now make with Russia or with any other Power a treaty which explicitly permitted such discriminations as Russia actually makes against certain classes of our citizens." But if our feelings in the matter are so unmistakable, what sense is there in appealing to the Hague Tribunal, as Mr. Roosevelt suggests, for an authoritative interpretation of our present treaty with Russia? Why does he not simply order the treaty to be abrogated?

As a matter of fact, it is still to be shown that abrogation of the treaty of 1832 is necessary, in order to bring Russia to terms. The Czar's Government has taken no absolute stand in the matter, but has displayed to the full all the evasive and dilatory tactics of Oriental diplomacy. During the campaign of 1908, Mr. Taft gave his explicit pledge that Russia's refusal to recognize an American passport in the hands of a Jewish citizen should be promptly dealt with. Little evidence of zeal on the part of the State Department in this matter has so far been made apparent. A vigorous stand by our Government would bring the problem to a speedy solution.

The adoption by the male voters of California last week of a Constitutional amendment giving women the right to vote is easily the most momentous decision yet given in this country in favor of woman suffrage. That must be admitted as well by the opponents as by the advocates of votes for women. So long as women could vote only in four Rocky Mountain States, of comparatively small population, the movement to enlarge the political rights of their sex might be dismissed as almost negligible. Women could vote in Idaho, to be sure, but Idaho had only 325,000 inhabitants—not enough to make one large city. Wyoming also allows women the ballot, but that State is still more inconsiderable, its population in 1910 being but 154,000. Of the two other suffrage States of long standing, Utah numbered but 373,000 people, while Colorado's population was 799,000. It was evidently a much more important event when the State of Washington adopted woman suffrage, for that commonwealth had 1,141,000 residents in 1910. And now comes California, with a population of 2,337,000, to join the ranks of the suffrage States. This means nearly doubling at one stroke the number of wo-

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men in the United States with the legal right to vote.

The challenging of talesmen in the McNamara case on the score of their views concerning the conflict between labor and capital has a significance extending far beyond anything involved in the case itself. With the meagre details that have appeared in the dispatches, it is impossible at this moment to say on precisely what basis Mr. Darrow is placing his challenge; but if it rests on any such broad ground as that of mere hostility to the avowed aims and policies of trade unions, the granting of the challenge would constitute a precedent of alarming scope. The difficulty of obtaining a jury, on account of unlimited challenges allowed for so-called prejudice in regard to the individual case in hand, has been one of the notorious evils of our criminal procedure; if now a man's views on broad public questions are to be a bar to his eligibility as a juror, there is no telling where we shall stop. The question in the McNamara case is not a question of trades-unionism, but of murder. If a talesman has a fixed opinion that trades-unionists in general are ready to commit murder in promoting their cause, that would be a sound basis for a challenge on the part of the defence; as, on the other hand, if he holds that murder in that cause is justifiable, he would justly be excluded by the prosecution. But we have come to a strange pass if mere sympathy with the labor cause, or mere antipathy to it, is to be regarded as incapacitating a juryman from judging of the question of fact whether a given trades-unionist did or did not participate in a given act of violence, or from passing a true verdict upon him.

The advantages of Vice-President Sherman's plan of using up our resources as fast as we like and letting posterity do its own worrying, are evident. Economically, we should be vastly better off with the Guggenheims breaking their necks to serve us with the products of Alaska or any other unexploited region. A greater gain would be political. Who can estimate the increased prestige of President Taft at this moment if there had never been any falling-out over the question of who should profit by our untouched and therefore wasted wealth? Not the least of the merits of the plan is its contribution to mental comfort. From the beginning, conservation has been a peculiarly harassing problem. Are we wrong in thinking that there are millions of Americans who will give a sigh of relief, now that they see how the whole matter can be dropped as safely as the Vice-President explains? Note also the value of the idea for that posterity which it seemingly ignores. The less we pass on to the future in the way of resources, the more will it be spurred to devise those inventions that give Mr. Sherman such anticipatory pleasure. The question just who, at present, should control these resources he does not appear to have considered. But why worry over that, either?

A faint suggestion of the kind of trouble with which both politics and business would be filled if the railway system of this country were to go into the possession of the Government is furnished by the suit of the *Review of Reviews* against the Postmaster-General of the United States and the postmaster of New York, asking for an injunction restraining them from enforcing the new postal regulation under which that magazine is to be carried by fast freight instead of on regular mail trains. The arrangements of the post office are of infantile simplicity in comparison with those of the railways, and the fact that the postal regulations have not, for the most part, brought about any serious complications between business and government is due entirely to the cast-iron uniformity of the few simple rules which govern the department's action. The moment a discrimination has to be made that is not absolutely mechanical, trouble begins. The part played by railway transportation in America, in the determination of prosperity or failure, not only for particular enterprises, but for whole communities, is something to which European conditions afford nothing like a parallel. With us government ownership would mean a tremendous plunge of politics into the deep waters of business.

Whatever allowances are to be made, the incident that has brought Coatesville into its latest prominence is remarkable, if not absolutely unique. The successful plea of a fifteen-year-old girl victim for the legal punishment of the man who assaulted her, instead of a repetition of the mob violence of a few weeks ago, may have been partly due to other reasons than the plea itself. The interference of the State Constabulary had prevented her father from carrying out his threat to kill the man upon his arrest, and this time there was a District Attorney who argued strenuously for orderly procedure. But it would be rash to assert that, if the girl herself had taken a different tone, the community would not have been disgraced a second time. The important thing is that in this affair some one made a stand for law, and seven hundred excited men subsided. How much this is to be attributed to the flood of censure that has poured upon the town since August 13, may be beyond reckoning, but it is significant that, almost from the beginning of the search for the assailant, members of the searching-party have been quoted as remarking that there must be no burning this time, owing to the talk it would cause outside.

"There will be more idle men this winter than ever before" is the cheerful prophecy made by Mr. James J. Hill, as reported in the newspapers. His judgment may be correct, for aught we know; but it would be more impressive if the analysis of the causes of our troubles with which he accompanies his forecast hung together better. In the first place, he says:

> This is the reason: Our capacity for production along industrial lines has grown faster than our consumption along the same lines. Some years ago the farmer had to raise enough to feed himself and another man in the cities; now he must raise enough for himself and for two other men, on account of the movement to industry rather than farms.

This is perfectly clean-cut, standing by itself; but Mr. Hill goes on:

> Business is sound, but no new enterprises are being started. The politicians and newspapers are to blame. There is too much political ghost dancing.

Well, if we are already doing too much "along industrial lines," and if the trouble lies in "the movement to industry rather than farms," it is difficult to see that there is any great misfortune in a checking of the pace at which "new enterprises are being started." Like the judge who was warned never to give the reasons for his decisions, Mr. Hill would often command more authority for his dicta if he refrained from explanatory comment.

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Who wants to give a library? Harvard University, rich as it is in so many other directions, has long been handicapped by a pitifully inadequate library building. It is unable to accommodate its readers, and many of its books are hidden away in cellars for lack of shelf-room. The stacks themselves have never furnished the accommodation needed by advanced classes, and with each year the conditions become less tolerable. Now a committee of architects has evolved an excellent plan for the construction of a new building on the present site, plus considerable additional ground and on the instalment basis. Thus the first section, to accommodate 834,000 volumes, can be built at a cost of $433,400, and four other sections could be built thereafter to complete the whole structure. This is estimated to cost $1,953,000, and to give space for 2,370,000 volumes. That such an opportunity to be of service to our oldest university has not yet appealed to her many wealthy graduates—to say nothing of the great giver of libraries—is really surprising. Only $2,500,000 is needed in all, for the college has sufficient funds available for maintenance if an endowment of $500,000 be added.

The new Lord Mayor of London, Sir Thomas Crosby, who was elected two weeks ago, is entitled to write M.D. after his name. He is said to be the first physician ever chosen as Lord Mayor. Sir Thomas is also in all probability the oldest citizen ever elected to his present office, his age being eighty-one; but that, of course, is not so very old for English public life. He has had a long and distinguished medical career, and has been in municipal service since 1877, so that the honor which has now come to him may be regarded as a fitting recognition of the public spirit which he has displayed. Of course, there will be many jokes about a doctor presiding over the City of London. Guarantees will doubtless be offered that the Lord Mayor's banquets will know nothing except pure food, and that the turtle soup which Disraeli said made all men brothers will not be "mock." There was once a Prime Minister of England who was a doctor, and of him Lord Rosebery wrote, in his Life of Pitt, that "Addington carried into politics the indefinable air of a village apothecary inspecting the tongue of the state." Sir Thomas Crosby, M.D., may as Lord Mayor expose himself to a similar fling, but it need not be so bad a thing for London to have an expert in hygiene at the head of her government.

In the new English Court of Criminal Appeal, the first capital case was recently passed upon, and it revealed a serious defect in the law creating the court, novel in British judicial procedure. A convicted murderer appealed on the ground that the jury in the court below had been improperly directed as to certain corroborative evidence. The judges on appeal found the plea to be well taken. Without asserting the innocence of the accused man—indeed, it is evident that they believe him guilty—the judges declare that they cannot be certain that the jury would have convicted him if it had not been misinformed as to the nature of part of the evidence against him. Hence the verdict was quashed; but now comes the surprising thing—the Court of Criminal Appeal is not able, under the law, to order a new trial! Over this lack of power, Justice Darling expressed sincere regret, saying that the court felt that the case was one in which it was eminently desirable that "all the facts should again be submitted to a jury with an adequate and proper direction." Justice Darling significantly added that he hoped that what the court said on this point would be "considered by those who had power to amend the law in this respect." One would think so! The right of criminal appeal was established in England as a safeguard against possible injustice to the innocent; it could never have been intended to permit a man charged with atrocious crime to escape by means of a loop-hole in the law.

Then why have the Italian Government and people gone into this adventure? Because they are dominated by the old hypnotism of conquest, the mirage of the map, the old illusion that some great national advantage will accrue from widened territory and increased political power; because the old catchwords and the old habits of political thought have blinded statesmen and people alike to their best interests.

In these words Norman Angell, the author of "The Great Illusion," explains the Italian attack upon Turkey. Mr. Angell derides the popular fallacy that the capture of a province, instead of being merely a change of administration, is in some ways an addition to the wealth of the conquerors. He insists that, "when we have conquered a territory, its wealth has to remain in the hands of its original owners; the conquerors get nothing. Conquest in the modern world is a process of multiplying by X and then obtaining the original resultant by dividing by X." It seems to us that Mr. Angell could strongly reinforce his point by demonstrating that the purchase of the Philippines has added nothing whatsoever to the wealth of this country, but has been a steady drag upon it by reason of the expense and burden of administration. We know that Washington bureaucrats have skilfully demonstrated, by means of trade figures, that we really have a credit balance to our account, but the ordinary man who thinks for himself will hardly be convinced that the Philippines have really added anything substantial to the wealth of the nation, or to its prestige, or brought us any trade we could not have obtained years ago by common-sense tariffs and business enterprise. The "mirage of the map" no longer deceives.

The task of suppressing the rebellion in the Yang-tse provinces has been entrusted to Yuan Shih Kai, the creator of China's modern army. The former Viceroy of Shan-tung is thus experiencing the usual treatment which China metes out to her strong men. Instead of utilizing their abilities in the permanent service of the Empire, the system at Peking demands that the really able men in China shall be held in reserve for the periodical crises that punctuate Government sloth and incompetence. If Yuan Shih Kai can live up, even in part, to the high expectations that were formed of him by European observers during the years following the close of the Russo-Japanese war, he should be able to cope with the present menacing situation. The first news that came out of China bore the impress of panic. With the passing of the early fright, the situation, though undoubtedly disquieting, is seen to be by no means hopeless. The rebellion may drag on or even spread slowly, without bringing any decisive overturn. That is the advantage of the Chinese system of decentralized authority. Where a highly organized governmental system might speedily go to pieces, inorganic China may suffer and endure.

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WILSON ON TAFT AND TRUSTS.

With the Presidential nominating conventions only nine months off, the public outgivings of a man in the position of Woodrow Wilson are invested with exceptional importance. He is one of the two or three men from among whom the candidate of the Democratic party will almost certainly be chosen. Moreover, his emergence into the Presidential class has been so recent that, in spite of the extraordinary popularity he has attained, and of the enthusiasm some of his acts have evoked, the estimate of his qualities, in that thinking class which so often determines the final result of an electoral struggle, is still in the formative stage. Accordingly, when he thinks fit not only to pass a severe judgment on the course of the President of the United States in a leading department of governmental activity, but to give emphasis to his strictures by repeating them in a second speech on the following day, it becomes a matter of real interest to inquire into the merits of the criticism.

Gov. Wilson's dissatisfaction appears to rest partly on alleged shortcomings of Mr. Taft, and partly on a condition of much longer standing than the present Administration. "President Taft," so runs the report of Mr. Wilson's speech, "says one day that he is absolutely going to enforce the Sherman law. After reading the papers, however, he thinks perhaps he has excited too much of a tremor and decides that what he intended to do was wrong." In the heat of a campaign, such a statement on the hustings might be quite pardonable; in the quiet atmosphere of the university of which he was recently the head, and in these serene October days of an "off-year," it is not the sort of thing the friends of Woodrow Wilson have a right to expect from him. If President Taft has been wabbling in any such way, has been making any declaration on the Trust question which he has afterwards retracted on account of the "tremor" that it has excited, if he has been indicating any act that "he intended to do" in relation to the Sherman law and has afterwards decided that it "was wrong," the fact has wholly escaped our observation. If Gov. Wilson has caught him in such performances, he ought to be able to furnish a bill of particulars.

Mr. Wilson's criticism of the President, however, though apparently careless and certainly inaccurate, was, we have no doubt, but incidental to his general arraignment of the existing state of our public policy in regard to Trusts; it was meant rather to illustrate the natural consequence of an unsatisfactory method than to point to any special fault on the part of an individual. "The business man wants to know where he is," and "there has been nothing but guesswork for the last decade as to what is going to happen in business." No one will deny that there is some ground for such a complaint; nor will anybody deny the desirability of that which Mr. Wilson declares ought to be substituted for existing conditions:

> We want to put business on a sound basis and with the assurance that when we have done it we have not destroyed anything, but have reconstructed. We want definite information as to what the law means and what it provides. We don't know now what the offence is and what the penalty is.

So say we all of us. Business on a sound basis, the law made as plain as the multiplication table, many things reconstructed but nothing destroyed—what could be finer? Surely, Mr. Taft cannot harbor any desire to stand in the way of a consummation so devoutly to be wished. Surely, the eight Justices of the Supreme Court who concurred in the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust decisions must approve such an aim. So far as we know, the only thing that stands in the way of its complete attainment is the difficulty of discovering just how it can be done.

If Gov. Wilson had given us the benefit of such a discovery, the question of the accuracy, or even the justice, of his critical remarks would become entirely trivial. But in the published reports of his speeches there is no sign of such an achievement. He tells us that we are in a sad mess, and he leaves us in it. There are, indeed, before the public, two proposed solutions of the problem, each of them having the unquestionable merit of extreme simplicity, whatever may be said of them in other respects. One is the solution of the out-and-out Trust advocates, who say that all the Government ought to do in regard to the problem of combination and monopoly is to let it alone; business knows best what is good for it, and what is good for business is good for the country. The other is Judge Harlan's solution: apply the Sherman law in the most sweeping way, taking no account of degree or "reasonableness," but putting under the ban every business arrangement that sins against the letter of the law. Mr. Wilson is not for the first of these policies, for he says that "the people of the country have made up their mind that they won't stand for monopoly and restraint of trade"; is he for Judge Harlan's root-and-branch plan? If he is, does he think that it will put business on a sound basis, reconstructing much but destroying nothing? And if neither of these two simple solutions satisfies his mind, what does he propose himself? We have no doubt that he has thought a great deal on the subject; but we would suggest, in all friendliness, that when a man of his antecedents attacks a question so vast and so complex as this of the control of business combinations, the country has a right to look for something more than mere general denunciation on the one hand and the utterance of a counsel of perfection on the other.

SUPREME COURT TIMBER.

Such tributes as have been called forth by the death of Judge Harlan help laymen to understand why lawyers regard an appointment to the Supreme Court of the United States as the blue ribbon of the profession. It is not, of course, a question of money rewards; these are to be looked for elsewhere. The statement is made that Judge Harlan, even after a judicial service of more than thirty years, leaves but a small estate. For a large part of the time that he was on the bench, he was clearly underpaid. Salaries of Federal judges have recently been somewhat increased, yet are still smaller than they should be. But the opportunity and the distinction which the Supreme Court offers have always been rightly regarded as independent of anything pecuniary. What they are we see illustrated in Justice Harlan. They are an appeal to the noblest ambition. To be able to spend years in studying and applying the principles of the supreme law of the land, and in doing one's part to uphold the honorable tradition whereby the decisions of our highest court are made continuous and yet responsive to public needs as these arise; to be animated by the sole desire to do justice, and, in doing it, to make the country safe and strong—when all this has been considered, it is not necessary to speak of the dignity or emolu-

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ments of the Supreme Court in order to understand why any member of the American bar should feel that the offer of a position in that court is the highest honor that can possibly come to him.

The death of Judge Harlan heightens the already sufficiently remarkable part which President Taft has had in re-constituting the Supreme Court. Within the first half of his term in the Presidency it fell to him to appoint four associate justices, and to name the Chief Justice; and now, with the choice of a successor to Judge Harlan, Mr. Taft will actually have selected a majority of the Supreme Court. This is unexampled since the original nomination of the first Supreme Court of the United States by Washington. It might be regarded by some as almost a special Providence that this re-manning of our highest court should have devolved upon a President who had himself been a Federal judge, and whose veneration for the Supreme Court he has manifested on so many occasions and in so many ways. If Mr. Taft could have followed his own preference, instead of what he felt at the time to be his duty, he himself would have been a Supreme Court judge. In that court it is now to be presumed he will never sit; yet he certainly will be entitled to the satisfaction of knowing that his mark will long remain written upon it.

There is no probability that the President will designate a judge to succeed Harlan until Congress meets. He may not be ready with a nomination even in December. A great deal of advice, however, is already showered upon him in the newspapers; names are suggested, and the principles upon which he should go in making his selection are indicated. It is said that he must pay great heed to locality, choosing the new judge from the "right" Circuit or section. Political considerations are frankly put forward: it might be good tactics for the President to appoint a justice who should be pleasing to the Progressives. Some argue that, a Republican having been named to succeed the late Chief Justice Fuller, a Democrat should now be named to follow Judge Harlan. A dozen other hints or recommendations are given the President—all of which he should, in our opinion, entirely disregard; and it is probable that he will.

The search for a fit man to go upon the Supreme Court bench may be long and difficult, but about the light which should burn in the lantern with which he is looked for there need be no doubt whatever. Arguments from locality ought to have little weight. It is, indeed, tentatively desirable that each of the Circuits should be represented; and if a candidate, otherwise admirably qualified, should chance to live in a Circuit now without a judge, that would be one thing more in his favor. But Presidents have frequently set aside such considerations of residence, and there is no reason why Mr. Taft should be swayed by them. Politics should be wholly left out of the question. The task of the appointing officer is merely to discover the man who, on the whole, appears to be best fitted to do the work demanded of a Supreme Court judge.

Legal attainments and character naturally stand first in the list of qualifications. Judicial experience is, of course, reckoned of high value, but it is not indispensable. A man may have eminently the judicial mind without ever having been a judge. Such was the case with Justice Miller, long an ornament of the Supreme Court. The question of age is important. A judge going to the Supreme Court ought to have a reasonable expectation of twenty years' service. Hence he should be not much if any above fifty. President Taft disregarded this good rule in the case of Judge Lurton, but allowed it to be understood that he would not do so again. Another point relates to the recorded judicial opinions of a possible nominee, or to the positions he may have taken respecting questions of corporation control, and so on. Now, of course, a President could not overlook the disqualification which would go with extreme views expressed by a judge on one side or the other, but, short of that, this is a matter into which it is not needful or desirable too nicely to inquire. If a man has shown himself to be a good judge—able, industrious, incorruptible, high-minded, justice-loving—it may be just as well that his opinions about the anti-Trust law, for example, are not specifically known. The main things to make sure of are that he is duly learned in the law, that his repute is of the best, and that he promises to be resolute in all things to bear himself "as becometh a judge."

THE TOBACCO TRUST DISSOLUTION.

The Supreme Court decisions of last May, ordering dissolution of the Oil and Tobacco Trusts, left a weighty problem still to be settled—how these two aggregations of competing corporations, under the ownership of the two central holding companies, should be distributed on a new basis of ownership. Of the two combinations, the American Tobacco was much the more intricate. The plan of distribution drawn up by the Tobacco company is about to come before the court. In brief, its proposed basis of dissolution as stated by its lawyers is:

> To restore lawful conditions by dividing the business in tobacco and related products, heretofore dominated and controlled by the American Tobacco Company, or companies in which it has held a large or controlling interest, among fourteen separate and independent companies, no one of them having control of or dominance in the trade as to any of the products manufactured by it.

In advance of the hearings before the court, we shall express no opinion as to the merits of this plan, from the standpoint of the varying interests and equities of the Tobacco Trust's security-holders. But there is one aspect of the matter which has already taken a foremost place in public discussion, and which bears, not only on the Tobacco reorganization, but on all others of similar character. This consideration the committee of the National Cigar Leaf Association, representing independent manufacturers, has set forth as follows:

> Any plan of dissolution which leaves the effective control of the separate parts of the combination in the hands of the same small group of individuals who now control the present solidified combination, cannot bring about a restoration of competition. The result would be that the last condition would be worse than the first, because after such a dissolution the same control would continue to be exercised as before, with the added advantage that it would have . . . the sanction of the courts.

Obviously, this means that if one man or one group of men had held a controlling interest in the stock of the holding company, they ought not, after the dissolution, to be allowed to hold a *pro rata* control in the released subsidiaries. Two questions are involved in such an argument: one, whether such a resultant situation would be repugnant to the Anti-Trust law; the other, whether disintegration on such basis would leave the conditions in the trade as obnoxious to public policy as they were before. As regards the first question, we are not

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without guidance in previous court opinions. When the Northern Securities combination was ordered dissolved by the Federal courts in 1904, its management proposed and its shareholders ratified a *pro rata* distribution, to Northern Securities shareholders, of the shares of the two competing railways owned by the holding company. This plan was contested by the Harriman interests, who alleged in their petition for injunction that "the plan proposed . . . would leave control in the hands of the same people who now control, and would defeat the ruling of the Supreme Court." In so far as the Hill-Morgan interest had controlled the holding company, and would, on *pro rata* distribution of its assets, continue to control the competitive Northern Pacific and Great Northern railways, ownership after liquidation would apparently have been as alleged.

Nevertheless, the Circuit Court which had ordered the Northern Securities dissolution, and before which the injunction suit was argued, unanimously refused to intervene. Its reason was that, according to well-established rules, such petition on grounds of public policy could not be entertained "so long as the Government is present by its Attorney-General, and expresses its disapproval of such intrusion." It intimated, however, that a hearing might be allowed in a suit on the question whether certain interests were unfairly treated by the plan, introduced with witnesses and evidence; and three months later, as a result of fresh petition and argument, Judge Bradford of the Federal District Court granted at Trenton a preliminary injunction against the *pro rata* plan. But in January, 1905, the Circuit Court, having heard argument on appeal, dismissed the injunction suit, and in April the Supreme Court upheld its action, the gist of the decision being that "the title to these stocks having intentionally been passed, the former owners, or part of them, cannot reclaim the specific shares, and must be content with their ratable proportion of the corporate assets."

Now, no two cases of this sort run on all fours with each other; but the legal points at issue in the Tobacco Trust and Northern Securities situation are pretty close. The Supreme Court decision of April, 1905, appears at all events to dispose of a conceivable demand for return of the Tobacco company's holdings of securities to the original owners from whom that company purchased them. Indeed, such a proposition, baldly stated, hardly conforms to common sense. Mr. James J. Hill quite aptly suggested, of that proposal in the Northern Securities case, that "one might as well go to a bank and demand a return of exactly the same money that one had deposited there." Beyond even this, it is certain that, taken as a whole, the present holders of Tobacco securities are not the parties from whom the Trust originally bought the stock of the smaller companies.

All this undoubtedly leaves open the large question whether *pro rata* distribution of the Tobacco Trust's assets would or would not continue the trade domination and the monopolistic tendencies as they were before, supposing the same investors who controlled the Trust to receive and hold a similar working ownership in the released subsidiaries. Our own answer to this question would be that the resultant situation, even then, would differ radically from what it was in the days of Trust control. The purpose of the holding company was to prevent for all time exactly what would now be again a normal probability—change of ownership in the old-time constituents of the Trust, whether through death, or through individual sales, or through purchase of a dominating interest in the smaller companies by people who could never have aspired to obtain a footing in the $119,000,000 combination.

It must be remembered that whoever controls these companies hereafter, their actions, joint or several, will still remain subject to the law. Not least of all, it is pertinent to ask just how we are to prevent such private control of several separate companies, whether through shares allotted in dissolution of the Trust or through subsequent purchase for investment. Counsel for one of the independent companies suggested, in a published interview of Monday morning, that this could be done "by compelling this coterie of insiders to dispose of their stock to others not in any way connected with themselves, and by perpetually enjoining them from re-acquiring it, or from resuming control of any of the companies, or from interfering with the tobacco industry." We must confess that this would be a highly novel and formidable undertaking.

BRITISH HYSTERIA.

Imperial fashion notes from London for the approaching season indicate that sackcloth and ashes will continue to be worn extensively in the United Kingdom and its dependencies. The sun is not the only thing that nowadays refuses to set upon the British Empire. The sun has a close rival in the panics and alarums and excursions which during the last half-dozen years have traversed the British horizon in unbroken continuity. The fear of invasion has ceased to be an emotion, and has become to sensible people an intolerable bore. It is impossible nowadays to escape the lesson of Imperial duty. It pops out upon Englishmen from political discourses, from drapers' advertisements, from directors' meetings, and from funeral orations. Worst of all, it has entered literature. Kipling's words of warning have been seized upon by the single ladies in parsonages who write novels and memoirs for the great British public. In the midst of the tenderest passages we are reminded that Britain's womanhood can never know the bliss of untroubled love until all possibility of a German landing in Yorkshire is removed. And it is not the fourth-raters who are writing this stuff. Conan Doyle has done almost as badly, and there are others.

What, then, has become of the British sense of humor? *Punch* still appears in print; Lord Rosebery still flashes his rare epigrams; Mr. Chesterton writes faster than ever. Humor as an isolated function presumably still exists in England, but as applied to the practice of life the sense of the comic seems to have disappeared when first the armed spectre loomed up across the North Sea. The shifts to which Imperial Britain finds herself put, in order to save her liberties from being ground under the German heel, are as various as they are desperate and amusing. A few years ago, England was to be saved by rifle clubs. Later, she was to be saved by boy-scouts. To-day, she is to be saved by a device that comes straight from Aristophanes. That staid, conservative London journal, the *Standard*, prints a letter which shows how England is to be kept from destruction, by her women. In the first place, all marriageable Englishwomen are to shame into action the flannelled fools at the wicket and the muddied oafs at the goal, by taking a

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vow of celibacy for a period of five years, "or until such a time as England shall be placed in a posture of defence commensurate with its wealth and responsibilities and worthy of its history." And secondly, the women of England are to be organized into an "army of home defence." Visitors who have stood shaken before the "Quand Même" in the gardens of the Tuileries will now realize that there is no situation which cannot, by taking thought, be rendered ridiculous.

Now, British hysteria, in spite of its comic aspects, might have come in for something of that respect which attaches to sincerity, even when it is misguided. But with Great Britain to-day the lack of sincerity is strongly apparent. Not patriotism, but party-politics, is at the bottom; it is not national hysteria, but the wailings of a beaten political party. Imagine that the Conservatives and not the Liberals had been in power for the last half-dozen years. The lessons of the South African war might have been learned, but there would have been comparatively little talk of decadence, and invasions, and the failure of Britain's manhood, and approaching Imperial collapse. If Mr. Balfour were now holding Mr. Asquith's job, Tory confidence would have been what it has always been, a fine faith in England's destiny, manhood, pluck, and luck. The methods of "somehow" by which the British Empire was built up would still have found defenders. It is only when Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George took hold that decadence sets in and the storms refuse the sea-girt isle the protection they have hitherto vouchsafed her. British panic is to be interpreted in the light of the fact that the middle classes which write and read newspapers and books are strongly anti-Liberal.

Decadence to-day is not with England's frenzied footballers in corduroy and peaked cap, but with England's ruling class. What has become of the poise and the dignity and the sense of fair-play that were the hallmark of the English gentleman? They seem to have been thrown overboard in the vehemence of party-strife. Waterloo may have been won on the cricket-fields of Eton, but well-born Englishmen have latterly been resorting to tactics that are distinctly not "cricket." The men who howled down Mr. Asquith in the House of Commons were not vulgar football players, but very vulgar gentlemen. The manner in which wealthy Unionist M.Ps.'s have exploited the new provision for the payment of members of Parliament is atrociously vulgar. The manner in which Unionist Ulster rages against Home Rule and threatens civil war, death, and damnation apparently shows that Englishmen have forgotten how to be cheerful losers. It would be interesting to see within how many weeks after a Tory Ministry came into office British decadence would be completely checked, and the Empire put well on its feet again.

WEEDING OUT THE HYMN-BOOKS.

Gov. Wilson's quiet protest, a few days ago, against the use of silly hymns had a remarkable sequel. The Governor specifically objected to "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," which had just been sung in his presence, pointing out that its language was mushy and its sentiment vapid. But in the Baptist church at Tarrytown which Mr. Rockefeller attends, the pastor triumphantly refuted Gov. Wilson. He did it by himself singing the hymn as a solo, and then asking the congregation to say whether they liked it or not. "All in the church except one aged woman raised their hands" to signify that the hymn was very much to their mind. It is hard to get around such a canon of good taste fixed by popular vote. Mr. Rockefeller added his own high literary authority to the approval of the hymn, so that we cannot deny that those who like this sort of hymn will find this one exactly the sort of hymn they like. They will go on devoutly singing:

> Somewhere, somewhere,
> Beautiful isle of somewhere,
> Land of the true, where we live anew,
> Beautiful isle of somewhere.

We would not treat the matter flippantly, though the thing certainly invites ridicule. To many good people, no doubt, the subject appears sacred. They think of this "somewhere" hymn, and others like it, as somehow bound up with their religious faith. To them it represents the aspiration for immortality. The "Beautiful Isle" they vaguely suppose to mean Heaven, and to typify that rest which remaineth for the people of God. Against that we have nothing to say; but would merely ask if the same pious idealism is not expressed with equal intensity, and with far greater dignity, in those hymns of the church which have come down the centuries, and are now richly freighted with precious associations. If worshipping congregations desire to lift their hearts in contemplation of the heavenly hope, what better can they do than use one of the hymns of Bernard? For example:

> Jerusalem the glorious,
> The glory of the elect,
> O, dear and future vision
> That eager hearts expect!

Or again:

> They stand, those halls of Zion,
> Conjubilant with song;
> And bright with many an angel,
> With many a martyr-throng.

The sentiment is far more inspiring, and its verbal expression infinitely more worthy, than in the case of the rubbishy modern improvisations which some attempt to substitute. When we have hymns of lofty words wedded to noble music, why should they be displaced by nonsensical compositions, with catchy tunes, simply on the plea of novelty?

As a matter of fact, there is a movement in several churches, as we are glad to note, to revise their hymn-books. The plan is to exercise a severer taste than formerly in deciding what shall be allowed to hold a place in them. Some years ago the tendency was to make hymn-books encyclopædic. Rival compilers strove to see which collection could be made the larger. The result was such a huge array of good, bad, and indifferent as used to be found in earlier editions of "Songs for the Sanctuary." But the inevitable reaction set in, and we have since had volume after volume showing a more exacting selection. The later aim has been not to see how many hymns could be got together, but how much useless lumber—or how much actual doggerel verse—could be left out. An instance of the better method is "The University Hymn-Book," in which the collection is comparatively small but choice. Surely, if we are told to listen to the solemn voice of the church's unending song, we are entitled to hear something not so offensive to every right standard of taste or religious feeling as

> Somewhere the sun is shining,
> Somewhere the songbirds dwell;
> Hush, then, thy sad repining,
> God lives and all is well.

The whole question of an inspiring hymnology in our churches is one of much more importance than some people seem to be aware. An uplifting hymn is

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one of the most moving appeals which a church service can make. To many it remains a tie of attachment to religious worship after most others have snapped. A sermon they will sit out much in the spirit of Tennyson's Yorkshire farmer, or will find that interest in it which George Eliot remarked to be so common—the interest of the audience when the sermon is finally done. Even praying in the churches may easily become with some a wearisome form. With Lowell, they may come to feel dissatisfaction with the "drony vacuum of compulsory prayer." But a noble hymn, borne up by the voice of the great congregation, retains its power to warm and even thrill many hearts that have ceased to respond to other religious appeals. The conclusion is obvious that the church cannot afford in any way to weaken or sacrifice this potent form of influence. To weed out transitory and tawdry matter from the hymn-books is to do much to preserve not only the dignity, but the stirring power of religious services. In this matter the moderns cannot boast of an advance. With so few even tolerable hymns written in recent years, we had better stick to the voices that carry to us from the Middle Ages. Fancy a worshipper of the fourteenth century asked to join in singing "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," after having been accustomed to hear organ and choir roll out the majestic:

Veni, pater pauperum,
Veni, dator munerum,
Veni, lumen cordium.

THE LIFE OF A LAUREATE.

I.

In a day when ancient manuscripts are opened and made to yield up misprized and forgotten geniuses, it is singular that no one seems to have discovered Alfred Austin. Fortune, who deals inscrutably with the reputations of poets, has apportioned him a unique destiny. To some she has given merit without fame; to others, fame without merit; to him alone, fame without being read. Both before and after he entered upon the laureateship, his works were regarded as inessential to salvation. But upon his assumption of the singing robes of Lord Tennyson, he stepped at one conspicuous stride into the hot sunlight of journalistic derision. His own long participation in Conservative journalism as leader-writer for the *Standard* contributed to the acrimonious hilarity of his reception. Liberal knives hitherto exercised against his politics were now for the first time fleshed in his poetry. Little Englanders, become for the nonce literary critics, collected and reprinted all the hasty and unfiled lines in the lays of the "hysterical Helot of Imperialism." The merciless cartoonist elevated him to the ancient throne of Dulness and twined the Parnassian laurels about his girdle. The wits of the press undertook to commit him with his peers, sagely debating whether to lodge him by copious Southey or elegant James Pye, or whether to bid Shadwell lie a shade nearer McFlecknoe and make room for the newcomer by Colley Cibber. His name has thus become a household allusion; his works—who has read them? Here was surely a porridge to have killed a stouter poet than the Quarterly's martyr.

Mr. Austin is different; at seventy-six he is still apparently as hale, happy, and industrious as ever. Within a twelvemonth he has composed his memoirs,* now given to the world in two volumes comprising some six hundred pages written with unflagging zest and genuine power in self-revelation. All the evidence indicates that Mr. Austin became his own biographer, as he became his own poet, on the principle that if one would have a thing done well one should do it one's self. His self-complacency appears in the record of his influence with political leaders; in the glimpse that he offers us of Parliamentary honors proffered him but thrust aside for higher rewards; in his words to young writers on the secrets of style; in his hints for future pilgrims to Italian shrines consecrated by his verse; and, above all, in the account—since Wordsworth's "Prelude," unequalled in minuteness and self-reverence—of his own poetical development.

His early satirical poem entitled "The Season" contains, he tells us, in spite of the faults of irresponsible youth, "the germ of what Matthew Arnold called 'the criticism of life' to be gathered from *one's* works in their entirety." (A peculiar substitution of "*one*" for "*I*" is a "note" of Mr. Austin's style.) From this germ, he traces with retrospective, brooding, and affectionate finger the movement—ofttimes unconscious—of his poetical powers toward that far-off, divine event, his masterpiece, "The Human Tragedy." Pointing out that Italy cradled, though England bore, his poetry, he declares that his Italian sojournings "stripped" him "of that insularity of familiar knowledge that marks so much of English literature." Recalling early days in Rome, he speaks with wonder of his unawareness of the divine things then a-brewing:

> I little knew that "The Human Tragedy," not to come fully and finally to the birth till more than ten years later, was already germinating, and was waiting only for the simultaneous occurrence of the mighty European events between the years 1866 and 1871 and the much-needed expansion of my own mind.

This Little-did-I-wot runs like a silver thread throughout the autobiography. Mr. Austin is the most spontaneous of poets. This sense of cosmic gestation, then carried so blithely, but almost oppressive in the retrospect, reminds us of Eckermann and Goethe marvelling together over the genesis of "Faust." And sure enough, a few lines later, Mr. Austin adds in the benevolent tone which he adopts toward his period of poetic adolescence: "But, as Goethe said, 'No youth can be a master,' and *one* was young." His appreciation of his own poetry—nowhere deficient in delicacy—reaches its tenderest expression in his comment on certain villages in northern Italy once visited by him: "Suppressing their less attractive features, imaginative memory transfigured them later in the grave, sad journey of Godfrid and Olympia to Milan from the little chapel in Spiaggiascura, that closes with the melancholy line,

> Ah! life is sad, and scarcely worth the pain."

This is, indeed, a melancholy line, but though it illustrates Mr. Austin's sympathetic imagination and his power over the sententious poetic phrase, it by no means represents his criticism of life. As I have already intimated, a divine satisfaction with his own position, a bland unconsciousness of contemporary feeling and opinion—these are precisely the startling and notable traits of the Laureate's character. They are startling because at first view one cannot see what supports them. They are notable because, as one considers the pages of this autobiography, one sees exactly what supports them. One perceives that these traits are not mere personal idiosyncrasies, but the traditional and distinguishing marks of a diminishing but dogged literary, social, and political group. Mr. Austin, though he wots it not, is the last minstrel of Toryism. As he writes, he feels himself soothed, sustained, and magnified by the support of the landed gentlemen of England. He is not, he fancies, dipping his pen into the shallow well of egotism, but into the inexhaustible springs of English sentiment. We can make no sound valuation of his poetry without some consideration of the origin and nature of his ideas.

II.

Like Sir Walter Scott of Abbotsford, who first made him conscious that he was a poet, and like Lord Byron of Newstead Abbey, whose verse and romantic pilgrimage he has imitated in "The Human Tragedy"—though without passion, rebellion, wit, or *diablerie*—Mr. Austin is a great respecter of fam-

**The Autobiography of Alfred Austin, 1835-1910.* New York: The Macmillan Co. $7.50 net.

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ily. On the bases of his trivial mention of literary contemporaries and his ample enlargement upon his intimacy with baronets and lords, we can easily credit his declaration that "no one admires honorable descent and the easy gradations of English society, from class to class, more than I do." This feeling, eminently becoming to an official singer to the royal household, is apparent in his treatment of his own lineage. Born of Roman Catholic parents in this best possible of worlds six years after the Catholic Emancipation Act, Mr. Austin is derived from what every American would regard as comfortable aristocratic stock, his family for three generations before him having dealt in wool. And yet with a peculiarly Victorian instinct for adorning whatever he touches, he contrives to cast an additional glamour over his family-tree. Though he does not attempt to follow his physical ancestry beyond his great-grandfather, he shows at any rate—with the aid of "Chambers's Encyclopædia"—that the "honorable trade of Wool-stapling" flourished as early as the time of Edward III; and he has himself seen houses of "striking architectural beauty" which belonged to wool-staplers "in the days of the Plantagenets." Furthermore, as he playfully reminds us, Shakespeare's father was a wool-stapler; Dante belonger to the Guild of the Woolcombers. So much for his main inheritance in the paternal line. The blood of the Austins, conspiring with Shakespeare, Dante, and the Guild of the Woolcombers, determined that he should be a poet.

The special character of his poetry, however, appears to have been strongly influenced by the Hutton strain which came to him through his grandmother. Close attention will be required here, for heredity is a slippery matter at the best, and the argument runs at this point through a narrow defile: Mr. Austin "seems to remember that there existed a floating tradition that the Huttons had at one time been among the *landed gentry*." Skeptical biologists may cry out that land is an acquired and non-transmissible characteristic. Socialists—of which sect there were none in the England of the elder Huttons, merry England, the real England, the England of Mr. Austin—socialists are said to hold similar views. The incontestable fact remains that Mr. Austin received from the Huttons, or from somewhere, an impulse inclining him affectionately toward land, and land in large parcels. From childhood, he tells us, he has experienced "a passionate clinging to the country, a keen admiration of territorial homes, with their deer-parks and wide-stretching woodlands, and an unconquerable antipathy, of a most prejudiced character, to towns, mills, and manufactures." At first thought the unwary reader may suspect a conflict between the hereditary Austin instinct for commerce and the Hutton impulse toward the serene life of the landed gentry. But wool-stapling as well as the business of owning land, we are assured, was in the time of the poet's childhood "a singularly light occupation," with ample margins for a nine o'clock breakfast and a half hour's lingering before business among "the flowers, the poultry, and the pigeons."

III.

In such a mould heredity cast him. "*Qualis ab incepto*," says Mr. Austin; as he was in the beginning, so essentially he has remained, except that he has relinquished the Roman faith which was not quite English. He came into the world with a few strong innate ideas, and has neither discarded nor added many since. Pigeons, poultry, and flowers surrounding a territorial home with background and foreground of deer-park and wide-spreading woodland—these constitute his central conception of nature. These things the Laureate has sung with sweetness and sincerity, both in prose and in verse—in "Veronica's Garden," "Haunts of Ancient Peace," and in many a lyric, vernal, æstival, autumnal, and hibernal. None but a resolutely incredulous critic would question his knowledge of English seasons; and, in spite of his deprecatory "such gardening knowledge as I may later have acquired"—*cf.* Professor Saintsbury's "If-I-have-any-skill-in-criticism"—there is no reason for doubting his intimate acquaintance with English flowers. If poetry avails at all in these evil days, his songs must have done something toward keeping alive a love of territorial homes in the hearts of their owners. Nor has Mr. Austin confined himself to groves and gardens. He has sung also of man and especially of woman—the occupants of territorial homes, and of all the prejudices and sentiments that uphold and beautify them.

Though not a poet of wide-ranging passion, he has given their due to English love, courtship, and marriage. Summing up at the close of his first chapter, the forces that most moved his childhood, he mentions "a dim sense of the magnetic differences of the sexes." The maturer phase of this sense and its important place in Mr. Austin's work are symbolically adumbrated in the poem called "In the Heart of the Forest." The poet, accosting the shrilling missel-thrush, inquires the meaning of his music:

Then louder, still louder he shrilled: I sing
  For the pleasure and pride of shrilling,
For the sheen and the sap and the showers
    of spring
  That fill me to overfilling.
Yet a something deeper than Springtime,
    though
  It is Spring-like, my throat keeps flooding:
Peep soft at my mate—she is there below—
Where the bramble trails are budding.
She sits on the nest and she never stirs;
  She is true to the trust I gave her;
And what were my love if I cheered not
    hers
As long as my throat can quaver.

In this shy lyric, Mr. Austin hints darkly at the true solution of the vexed woman question. Fortunately, I am able to illuminate this matter by a gloss extracted from the series of articles which he contributed to the *Spectator* in 1894, reporting his researches through England for "haunts of ancient peace." One of these haunts was the household of the fourth Countess of Leicester:

> In the church at Penshurst, where we abode that night, there is a monument to the fourth Countess of Leicester, and on it is recorded, *presumably in obedience to her own wish* [my italics], that "Her sole desire was to make a good wife and good mother." Could there be a nobler ambition? And shall I be forgiven if I add that when the little "emancipating" hubbub of our day has subsided, the ineradicable instinct of women will re-echo that devout and humble vow?

In the seventeen years since these lines were written the "little 'emancipating' hubbub" does not seem to have subsided much. While Mr. Austin was penning the pages of his autobiography, young women wearing a bandeau inserted with the motto "Votes for Women" were parading in Piccadilly. The tumult, however, has not reached the Laureate among the primroses and lady-smocks of Swinford Old Manor. While we who do not live in territorial homes have been asking, "*Où sont les neiges d'antan!*—where are the wives who sit on the nest and never stir?" he has sung on imperturbably, celebrating the Lucille, the Dora, the Maud of the mid-Victorian dream.

The remote charm that invests Mr. Austin's conception of the eternal-feminine pervades also his picture of man in family relations—a picture which helps us, since the family is a little image of the state, to understand his political ideals. To men of the modern democratic way of thinking, marriage exists in order to give representation to the Opposition. When a man marries, as we view the matter, he grants voice and vote to his sharpest and most remorseless critic. And this concession, most of us are agreed, whatever difficulties may attend it, is good for the government. To Mr. Austin, on the other hand, ideal marriage means a man's quiet and unchallenged assumption of the domestic throne of his fathers and his mild paternal reign over devoted and adoring subjects.

Now the nimbus as a domestic ornament is no more hopelessly out of date than the whole social and political order which Mr. Austin has celebrated. In 1790, Burke saw it already in the last ditch; because it was no more, Carlyle declared that the nations were hurtling

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pell-mell into the Pit; Ruskin loved it still with a passionate regret as an exile in a strange land. It remained for Mr. Austin to declare that it has not been and never shall be shaken. His present attitude toward internal affairs may be suggested by the postscript to a letter of his to the *Times* which he has deemed worthy a place near the close of his autobiography. The sentiment, endorsed by Mr. Austin, was originally uttered by the Comte d'Haussonville, nephew of the Duc de Broglie, and friend of the Duc d'Aumale, "and whose reception by the Académie Française I had the good fortune to attend, taken there by the late Lord Lytton, when English Ambassador in Paris," etc. Here is the sentiment:

> The speeches of members of the House of Lords during the Election, so superior, even as platform oratory, to those delivered by the members of the House of Commons with one or two exceptions, would alone suffice to save from successful attack any assault upon its existence.

With democracy long since triumphant, with socialism on foot, while dynamite is laid in broad daylight under the House of Lords, Mr. Austin still confronts the times with comfortable mien and inquires whether we shall exchange for a modern democracy without a throne, with no towers, with "mean plots without a tree" [small holdings cultivated by the owners?], a "herd of hinds, too equal to be free," dwelling together in "greed, jealousy, envy, hate, and all uncharity"—shall the gentlemen of England barter for this, he asks, our ancient, unaltered Motherland, "where sweet Order now breathes cadenced tone," with its lambs going "safe to the ewes" and its "calves to the udder," its "whistling yokels" guiding the "gleaming share" hard by the home where "gentle lordship dwells"? Shall this exchange be made?" cries the Laureate in feigned and rhetorical consternation. "Banish the fear!" he replies in his poems called "Why England is Conservative," "Look Seaward, Sentinel," and in many another patriotic lay of unique and incomparable insolence. While the "wild-beast mob" of the nations whine with envy at her peace and prosperity, or, roaring and sweating under their armor, menace her across the "bastions of the brine," she towers and shall forever tower supreme, "victor without a blow," "smilingly leaning" on her "undrawn sword."

IV.

I have made this review of Mr. Austin's leading ideas because it has been falsely rumored that he has none. It should now be apparent that, far from being content with the fame of an idle pastoralist, he challenges recognition as a poetical representative of the conservative spirit. It should also be clear that the value of his representation is impaired by his complete identification of conservatism with Toryism—a confusion due to his obliviousness to the flight of time. I suppose it is more or less of the essence of genuine Toryism to confound the amenity and stability of one's own fireside with the welfare of the country; in so far as that is true, Mr. Austin seems to be a good Tory. In his system of ideas, furthermore, I can detect little that would have been repugnant to the sense of a country gentleman in the reign of Farmer George. But the possible historical value of his expression of Toryism is destroyed by a serious anachronism: the foundation on which his Georgian ideas rest, the sentiment which suffuses them, and the artistic coloring which invests them are mid-Victorian. Mr. Austin upholds the House of Lords, the territorial homes, and the whistling yokel, not like a true-blue Tory—because they were ordained by God; nor like the later philosophical Tory—because they were ordained by nature; but like the unphilosophical, atheistical, pseudo-Catholic Pre-Raphaelite—because they are æsthetically gratifying. That explains his "unconquerable antipathy" to towns, mills, and manufactures, and at the same time his fondness for depicting Britannia leaning smilingly on her undrawn sword. That is why he hates and fears liberalism, and at the same time makes conservatism ridiculous by representing it as invincible. That is why his poems, if read, and his picture of happy England might loosen all the bricks in the pavements of Manchester and Liverpool. For the sentimental romantic Toryism of Mr. Austin is not so much dull as false; false and at the same time obsolete; obsolete but not yet old enough to have acquired an antiquarian interest.

STUART P. SHERMAN.

Urbana, Illinois.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In the *Nation* of December 23, 1909, I was able to call attention to a number of brief essays belonging to Poe that had hitherto not been accredited to him. I have since come across several other items that have escaped his bibliographers.

These are as follows:

(1.) A review of R. M. Bird's "Calavar," in the *Southern Literary Messenger* of February, 1835. That this is Poe's is established by his references back to it in his reviews of Bird's "The Infidel" and "The Hawks of Hawk-Hollow," published respectively in the June and December issues of the *Messenger* for 1835 (see the "Virginia Poe," VIII, 32 f., 63 f.). The item is of special interest as being, so far as we have any tangible evidence, the earliest of Poe's contributions to the *Messenger*, and the first of a long line of book reviews.

(2.) A notice of Anthon's edition of Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities," in the *Southern Literary Messenger* for May, 1845. This paraphrases in part Poe's notice of the same work in the *Broadway Journal* of April 12, 1845 ("Virginia Poe," XII, 129 f.). I am aware that some doubt is thrown on the authenticity of this item by Mr. B. B. Minor's statement, in his history of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, p. 140, that Poe, who, as announced in the *Messenger* of the month preceding that in which this article appeared, had been engaged by the editor (then Mr. Minor himself) to furnish "monthly a *critique raisonnée* of the most important forthcoming works," did not fulfil his engagement "in the least part." But the most reasonable assumption to be made is that Mr. Minor's memory played him false in this matter, and that Poe simply made his article do double duty, as he did, we know, on more than one other occasion. Poe had also been engaged to write for the *Messenger* in the autumn of 1844; and in accordance with this arrangement he did send to the editor "two or three articles"—so Mr. Minor wrote Prof. James A. Harrison ("Virginia Poe," I, 220)—though only one of these, "The Literary Life of Thingum Bob," in the *Messenger* of December, 1844, can now be traced. It is probable, I think, that Mr. Minor confuses the two engagements.

(3.) A brief but lively notice of Grattan's "Highways and By-Ways," in Burton's *Gentleman's Magazine* for June, 1840. This article subsequently appeared either *verbatim* or in paraphrase in two separate instalments of the "Marginalia" (see the "Virginia Poe," XVI, 63, 140 f.).

(4.) A review of a pamphlet detailing the "Discoveries and Results of the United States Exploring Expedition" into the South Seas led by J. N. Reynolds in the late thirties. This appeared in *Graham's Magazine*, September, 1843. The item is acknowledged by Poe in a memorandum sent to Graham in 1845 or thereabouts, and is included by the latter in his article on Poe in *Graham's* for March, 1850.

(5.) A series of five editorials on the "Pay of American Authors," in the New York *Evening Mirror*, published, respectively, in the issues of October 12, 1844, and January 24, 25, 27, and 31, 1845. The first is entitled, "The Pay for Periodical Writing," the fourth has the sub-title, "The Magazines," and the fifth the sub-title, "Synopsis of the International Copyright Question." Poe's authorship is established in two ways: first, by Willis's announcement in an editorial on October 10, 1844, that Poe would take up the subject of "Authors' Pay in America," in the columns of the *Mirror* ("We have hot coals smouldering in the ashes of 'things put off,' which we poke reluctantly to the surface just now—reluctantly only because we wish to light beacons for an authors' crusade, and we have no leisure to be more than its Peter the Hermit. We solemnly summon Edgar Poe to do the devoir of Cœur De Lion—no man's weapon half so trenchant!"); secondly, by the reappearance, in close paraphrase, of the last four paragraphs of the concluding article of the series in a set of the "Marginalia," published in Godey's *Lady's Book* in September, 1845 ("Virginia Poe," XVI, 78 f.).

(6.) An editorial, entitled "American Diffuseness—Objectionable Concision," in the *Evening Mirror* of January 22, 1845. A part of the fourth paragraph is compiled from the ninth paragraph of a "Marginalia" item on Gibbon and Carlyle, published

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in the *Democratic Review* for November, 1844 ("Virginia Poe," XVI, 16).

(7.) "Why not try a Mineralized Pavement?" an editorial, published in the *Evening Mirror*, February 8, 1845. The ninth and tenth paragraphs reappeared with slight changes as the seventh and eighth paragraphs of Poe's article on "Street Paving" in the *Broadway Journal* of April 19, 1845 ("Virginia Poe," XIV, 164 f.). The article is valueless as literature, but possesses significance as showing the variety of Poe's interests.

I wish also in this connection to point out that Poe's tale, "Diddling Considered as One of the Exact Sciences," of which the place of original publication has been advertised by Poe's editors and biographers as unknown, first appeared in the Philadelphia *Saturday Courier* for October 14, 1843. It there has the title, "Raising the Wind; or, Diddling Considered as One of the Exact Sciences." In the same journal there appeared on June 24, July 1, and July 8, 1843, a reprint of the "Gold Bug" as originally published in the Philadelphia *Dollar Newspaper* of June 21 and 28, 1843. This text of the "Gold Bug" has heretofore been held to be inaccessible, owing to the fact that no copy of the *Dollar Newspaper* for 1843 has been found. A file of the *Saturday Courier* for the years 1838 and 1840 to 1849 is preserved in the library of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, at Philadelphia.

KILLIS CAMPBELL.

The University of Texas.

Correspondence

A LETTER OF HAZLITT'S.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There are a number of prominent gaps in our information concerning Hazlitt's life, and few periods in his career are more obscure than that in which he practised the painter's art before he made his earliest tentative appearance as an author in 1805. Hazlitt was a scant letter-writer during all his days, and there may therefore be a special interest in reclaiming for this period a letter which is assigned by his descendant and biographer to a date ten years earlier than it was apparently written.

In his "Lamb and Hazlitt: Further Letters and Records hitherto unpublished" (1900), Mr. William Carew Hazlitt prints a letter bearing the heading "Sunday, October 23," and supplies "London" and "1793" in brackets, as if the contents pointed to its having been written by Hazlitt in his sixteenth year, while he was a student at the Hackney Theological College. I quote one of the sentences:

> Amidst that repeated disappointment, & that long dejection, which have served to overcast & to throw into deep obscurity some of the best years of my life, years which the idle and illusive dreams of boyish expectation had presented glittering, & gay, & prosperous, decked out in all the fairness and all the brightness of colouring, & crowded with fantastic forms of numerous hues [?] of ever-varying pleasure,—amidst much dissatisfaction and much sorrow, the reflection that there are one or two persons in the world who are [not] quite indifferent towards me, nor altogether unanxious for my welfare, is that which is, perhaps, the most "soothing to my wounded spirit."

What a melancholy experience of life for a youth of fifteen! It out-Byrons Byron, and it might expose to suspicion the one quality of Hazlitt's character which his severest critics have not called into question, his downright sincerity. But in spite of the inherent incongruousness, Mr. Birrell in his "Life of Hazlitt" unhesitatingly accepts the date, and remarks:

> There are many allusions at this time to "repeated disappointments," "long dejection," and other symptoms of boyish melancholy, and it is plain that Hackney College was not congenial.

But would not these expressions assume a more coherent significance if we ascribed them to a young man who had actually issued forth for his first battle with the world and had met a repulse? If we continue to read the letter with this notion in mind, we find confirmation for our view in the following allusion:

> As to my essay, it goes on, or rather it moves backwards and forwards; however, it does not stand still. I have been chiefly employed hitherto in rendering my knowledge of my subject as clear and intimate as I could, and in the arrangement of my plan, I have done little else. I have proceeded some way in a delineation of the system, which founds the propriety of virtue on its coincidence with the pursuit of private interest, and of the imperfections inseparable from its scheme. . . . I write more easily than I did. I hope for good. I have ventured to look at high things. I have toiled long and painfully to attain to some stand of eminence. It were hard to be thrown back from the midway of the steep to the lowest humiliation.

We must marvel at the owl-sightedness which can overlook such glaring evidence. Apparently, Mr. W. C. Hazlitt sees in this passage a reference to the political essay which Hazlitt wrote for his master at Hackney in place of one of the prescribed themes. But "a system which founds the propriety of virtue on its coincidence with the pursuit of private interest" can refer to nothing more plainly than to the "Essay in Defence of the Natural Disinterestedness of the Human Mind," the idea of which he had already conceived when he talked with Coleridge in 1798, and which at last struggled into print, though scarcely into light, in 1805.

With these limiting dates in our possession, and with Sunday, October 23, as a clue, it only remains for us to consult the almanac in order to determine the precise time of writing. In the course of the search we are confirmed in our suspicions of the slovenly editing, for we find that October 23 did not fall on Sunday in 1793, but that it did so fall in the years 1796 and 1803. Hazlitt was at home in 1796, and so could not have addressed the letter to his father, but everything in the letter suits excellently with 1803, and we must therefore accept the last as the year of composition.

Nothing in Hazlitt's expressions will now impress us as either precocious or affected. At the age of twenty-five Hazlitt had much cause for melancholy. Youthful idols had been shattered, for Coleridge had already joined the apostates from the ranks of liberty. England was again at war with humanity as embodied in Hazlitt's lifelong hero, Napoleon; and then there were private disappointments. Already the splendid vision of triumph in the company of Titian and Rembrandt was suffering dissipation, and Hazlitt was seeking mental relief in elucidating his cherished metaphysical discovery, and here also encountering little but pain and vexation. Read in the light of facts like these, Hazlitt's letter is both interesting and intelligible.

JACOB ZEITLIN.

Urbana, Ill., October 10.

"CURRENT MONEY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In order to make a card index as exhaustive as was practicable, the Deed Books of Prince Edward County, Virginia, have recently been examined by order of the Board of Supervisors of that county, the period covered being from 1754, when the county was set off, to 1850, the year in which the office index begins. During the progress of this work, notes were taken, among other subsidiary items, regarding the phraseology adopted as to currency considerations. Beginning these notes, with strictness about the year 1821, it was supposed that the colonial terms, "current money of Virginia," "Virginia currency," and the like, would soon disappear from usage, at least holding on no longer than the British reckoning by pounds, etc., which seems to drop away about 1829. As advance was made after the year 1821, it was observed with surprise that the phrases, "lawful money of Virginia," "current money of Virginia," "current money of this commonwealth," etc., were frequently employed, and it appeared very much of a paradox that this terminology should be found recorded quite to the end of the period under review—twenty-eight instances in 1844, eleven in 1849, and ten in 1850, all the deeds for 1850 not having been examined. For the year 1850, the usual terminology of this sort is "lawful money of Virginia"; "current money of Virginia" appearing twice (D. B. 25, 503 and 525), and "currency of Virginia" once (D. B. 25, 536). There are thirty-eight deeds recorded for the year 1754, in twenty-five of which appears "Virginia currency," or some such term.

As the investigation was not particularly directed toward this matter, it cannot be stated with absolute certainty in what year the phrase "current money of the United States" appears for the first time. From the memoranda, the first occurrence is in 1821 (D. B. 17, 398). Some such wording is used fifteen times between 1821 and 1850.

"Current money of the United States" is used five times, in 1821, 1834, 1840, 1843, and 1845—in 1843 the instrument is the work of a "freeman of color" or his attorney. "United States currency" is twice used, in 1822 and in 1825. "Money of the United States" is twice used, in 1825 and in 1836; in 1825 by parties removed to Missouri. "United States money" occurs twice, in 1837 and in 1844. The usage in the remaining instances, for the years 1848 and 1850, is "lawful money of the United States."

ALFRED J. MORRISON.

Hampden Sidney, Va., October 9.

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WHY SHAKESPEARE LEFT STRATFORD

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May I offer a new theory in regard to the vexed question of the cause of Shakespeare's departure from Stratford? Various reasons for his course have been assigned—among them the financial stringency of his father, domestic infelicity on his own part, histrionic aspiration, and a dispute with Sir Thomas Lucy about a matter of deer-poaching. My explanation is based upon a line in "Titus Andronicus" (I, i, 314):

> These words are razors to my wounded heart.

The comparison is, beyond question, intended to suggest pain. Now a writer may refer to a rose as an instrument of torture, for a rose has thorns as well as beauty; but if he does so in a casual and matter-of-fact way, we can hardly help inferring that his own experiences with roses have not been pleasant. The same thing holds true with razors. When Shakespeare compares the agony produced by harsh words to anything connected with a razor, we are forced to conclude that he had either a dull implement or a beard as tough as wire. In his youthful manhood (the period in which we may assume that he shaved), he would naturally have been impatient in regard to such matters. *Ergo*, Shakespeare went to London for the sake of better tonsorial accommodations.

So momentous is this discovery that I hasten to give it to the world, without stopping to collate the passages that bear on the subject. The point most damaging to my case is the fact that there is something of a probability that Shakespeare himself did not write the line in question. But the theory is altogether too plausible to be rejected on any such grounds. The Baconian theory is far less solidly based, and look at the popularity it has attained!

Garland Greever.

The University of Arkansas, October 2.

SIMPLIFIED SPELLING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Will the gentleman who recently told us of some of his personal preferences and prejudices, under the head of "Spelling and Life," kindly inform us further just what of "life's choicest bits" will disappear when we have reduced to some logical basis the spelling of the last syllable of *proceed* and *precede*? When he has done that, possibly he will be kind enough to let us know what "choice bits" we have lost by living in a day when *fysshe* has become *fish*, and *musick* has degenerated into *music*.

Contrary to current Tory opinion, those of us who are trying to rationalize the spelling of the English language are at least as anxious as are the Tories about the finer things of life; in fact, we are so much interested in them that we long to save for future generations the precious months (estimated by some at two years) which we older ones wasted in learning an orthography without one respectable excuse for existing in its present state. We believe that the time thus saved could be spent in becoming familiar with many more of "life's choicest bits." We also think that the process of learning a rational and logical orthography would in itself help to sharpen the wits of our backward race, whereas just the opposite is now going on. One would think that such aims were worthy of the support of the *Nation*, instead of its sneers.

In reply to our plea, sleepy and ignorant old Rip Van Winkle first trotted out the "etymological argument," but even intelligent conservatives have begun to perceive that hundreds of our worst spellings not only ignore etymology, but even give false leads (*e. g.*, *aisle* from *ala*, *foreign* from *foraneus*). Then there was pious talk of loyalty to literary tradition, until some cruel scholars showed that we are in principle no more loyal to Shakespeare's spelling to-day than we are to Chaucer's. Finally, the argument from sentiment is used, and we are asked to listen to silly comparisons of the meaningless folly of our spelling habits with such significant ceremonies as marriage. I know not what can be going on in the mind and conscience of the writer who allows an ambiguous use of the word "symbol" to leave the impression that marriage has no better rational basis than the *c* in *scent* (from the Latin *sentire*). And, if the sentimental attachment to shelves of unused books could be proved to waste about a year of the school-boy's time and to train him in ways of unreason, as well, there might be some reformers cruel enough to protest against that exquisite pleasure. Meantime, so long as association with the backs of a non-circulating library is at least harmless, it does not argue for a very firm grasp of the situation, nor for a very fair attitude of mind, to try to make the cases parallel.

If there were even half the force in the arguments of the simplifiers that they seem to think there is, the situation would not justify misleading witticisms. But, as the matter is one that may mean great things to the intellectual life of a whole race, it at least deserves respectful consideration from the smartest of us. Information upon the subject is near at hand. If one objects to the tracts of the Simplified Spelling Board, one has but to read Professor Lounsbury's charming book on "English Spelling and Spelling Reform" to see what a real scholar who honestly faces facts and argues in the open has to say on the question. Chapter ii, on the unintelligent opposition of the intelligent, is to be particularly recommended.

Philip H. Churchman.

Clark College, Worcester, Mass., October 5.

[We still believe that the knowledge, even if true, that English spelling is largely arbitrary and perverse, should be a secret for popes and cardinals, who have little need of English anyhow. As soon as it is broadcast the youth of the country at once take the contemplated reform into their own hands and spell phonetically; and as their speech is slovenly, there results not only such a word as *goverment* which we cited, but something close to the spelling on a bill-of-fare which we have seen—*constarge*, *cullash*, *fennan haddée*. Our real point was that so long as there is a battle among adult spellers, younger minds will spell to suit themselves. The history of English spelling in the past is a witness to this. —Ed. The Nation.]

SPELLING REFORM AND PRONUNCIATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There is one aspect of the question which was not touched in your article on "Spelling and Life" in your issue of the 28th instant, and that is the influence of "reformed spelling" on pronunciation. Programme, for instance, when disguised as *program*, salutes the ear as *progrum*, and thought emerges as *thott*. To be sure, only a small amount of written and spoken English is thus maltreated, but I have noted this tendency whenever, in the course of my duty, I have been compelled to listen to speakers afflicted with the spelling-reform fad. On the other hand, one hears from the same people *cult-your* and *literat-your*, but never *furnit-your* or *pict-your*. Bought and caught seem to have escaped the fate of *thott*. Thorough and though, passed through the steam roller of the Committee on Simplified (or Stultified?) Spelling, issue as *tho* and *thoro*. Phonetically considered, *thoro* is a gem of purest ray serene. M.

Chicago, October 8.

IN THE SHADOW OF ISLAM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The title of a recently published novel is almost exactly that of Isabelle Eberhardt's "Dans l'Ombre chaude de l'Islam," the volume of fragments gathered by a friend after the tragic death of the young author, which to those who know and love the Sahara has a unique value. Was it atavism that led this daughter of Russian parents (one of whom was a Christian, the other a Mussulman), who was born and brought up at Geneva under French influences and in a French *milieu*, to feel so profoundly the splendor and cruelty, the sad and mysterious fascinations of the great solitudes, and to reflect so truly the character of the Arabs of the South, nomads and ksouriens? At any rate, nothing so penetrating and so poignant as the few pages which record her impressions of a summer's sojourn at the Moroccan Zaonia of Kenadsen has ever been written about the country, and about the life of people for whom the world has stood still for centuries and who are in entire ignorance of the ways and manners of our civilization.

Does it not seem a desecration to have the title of this little record, all that remains of an ardent, restless young life, used as that of a novel?

August F. Jaccaci.

New York, October 11.

DR. MACLAURIN AS JURIST.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The *Nation* is usually so sure of its premises that, in "Every Man His Own Jurist" of the current issue, the column devoted to Dr. Maclaurin makes delightful reading in view of the fact that Dr. Maclaurin is not only a scientist but a lawyer.

Having won the McMahon law studentship and by his thesis (published later in three languages) the York prize at Cambridge University, having been a member of

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the Honorable Society of Lincoln's Inn; studied German law in Germany; been dean of the College of Law of the University of New Zealand; and having earned from Cambridge the degree of doctor of laws as well as doctor of science, Dr. Maclaurin is surely more entitled than most men not only to be his own jurist if he chooses, but to be listened to seriously by other men when he speaks on legal subjects.

A. M. BAER.

Baltimore, October 13.

[We were aware of Dr. Maclaurin's early legal studies, but our point was that prominence was given his article as coming from him not as a lawyer but as a scientist.—ED. THE NATION.]

Literature

THE HITTITES.

The Land of the Hittites. By John Garstang. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 390 pages. $4 net.

Until the recovery of Egyptian and Babylonian-Assyrian sources of history through excavations and decipherment, there was no Hittite problem, and it is one of the many merits of Professor Sayce to have called attention some thirty years ago, in conjunction with the late Dr. William Wright, to the evidence of an extensive empire in Asia Minor which at one time proved a serious rival to both Egypt and Babylonia, and subsequently came into frequent conflict with Assyria. Since that time a large amount of additional material has been brought to light through the combined efforts of many explorers, and it is one of the chief purposes of the work before us to summarize our present knowledge of the Hittite empire.

The territory embraced by the traces that have been discovered of Hittite settlements now stretches from Northern Syria close up to the Black Sea and across Asia Minor, following the line of the Taurus and Anti-Taurus range. Curiously enough, no indications have been found to show that the Hittites settled along the coast of the Black Sea or of the Mediterranean, and it seems safe to say that they represent essentially an inland and largely a mountainous population. This, however, did not prevent them from passing southward into the plains of Babylonia, and in fact our first glimpse of Hittite history shows a Hittite group actually in possession of the Euphrates Valley. This conquest took place *c.* 1700 B. C., and for about twenty years a Hittite ruler occupied the throne in the city of Babylon. There is now nothing improbable in the supposition that the sons of Heth in southern Palestine, with whom Abraham had commercial relations, should represent a branch of this same Hittite group; and Professor Garstang is inclined to see in the "Hyksos" who overran Egypt a mixed multitude in which the Hittites form one of the elements, though it would also appear that the Semites constituted the predominating contingent. Significant in this respect is the statement in Ezekiel (xvi, 3) that the father of Jerusalem was an Amorite, and the mother a Hittite, in which combination the Amorites represent in the mind of the prophet the pre-Hebraic Semitic element, and the Hittite the non-Semitic element. It is, therefore, not surprising to find Hittites occupying prominent positions at the court of Solomon and David. The centre of the Hittite power, however, even in this early period, appears to have been in northern Syria, and from here it should seem to have spread both to the south and to the north, northeast and northwest.

But the ethnic problem is still far from satisfactory. It is complicated by the proof furnished through representations on Egyptian monuments of two distinct Hittite types, one Mongolian with a clearly recognized pig-tail, high cheek bones, and oblique eyes; the other designated by Professor Garstang as proto-Grecian, though one may question the justification of this term. At all events, the two types point to an admixture of various ethnic elements to form the Hittite group. Indeed, it is more proper to speak of Hittite groups, united only in so far as they were submitted to the same cultural and political influences. These influences are to be seen in the style of the building remains, in the art and the religion; but before turning to these it may be proper to dwell a little longer on the historical material. This has been largely increased through the successful work of Dr. Hugo Winckler at Boghaz-Keui, near the northern boundary of the Hittite dominion, which in the fourteenth century B. C. became the capital city. As yet only a preliminary study of this material has been made, which is partly in Babylonia, partly in Hittite, though written with the cuneiform script; but enough has been published to show that an official archive has been discovered embodying treaties with various nations, including Egypt, the Amorites, and Mitanni in northwestern Mesopotamia, as well as official correspondence with Egypt, Babylonia, and Mitanni. At least six generations of Hittite rulers are covered by these archives. During the past summer Dr. Winckler has again been at work at Boghaz-Keui, and it is to be hoped that the systematic publication of these important collections of texts will soon be begun.

The chief movement of this period appears to be the advance of the Hittite ruler Subbi-luliuma, who, in a succession of bold campaigns enlarged his dominion which was originally limited to the district around Boghaz-Keui to embrace virtually the whole territory to the south, including northern Syria. The objective point of his conquests was the kingdom of Mitanni, whose ruler at that time was a certain Tushratta, known to us from his correspondence with Egypt included in the Tell Amarna archive. It is not improbable that the people of Mitanni belonged to the Hittite group, as should appear certainly to be the case with the States of Arzawa and Khalirabbat (or Khani-rabbat), which lay on the way to northern Syria. Subbi-luliuma succeeded in this endeavor, and his growing strength prompted the Amorites who had hitherto been the allies of Egypt to cast their fortunes with the Hittites. The next step would have been an attack on Egypt which had up to this time retained a measure of supremacy over Palestine and Syria. Instead, however, we find Subbi-luliuma making a treaty with Amenophis III, which was renewed by Amenophis IV, when, in 1375 B. C., he came to the throne. A limit was thus put to any further extension of the Hittite power in one direction, while, to the East, Assyria formed an irresistible barrier, though it now turns out that the Assyrian Kingdom itself was established, *c.* 2000 B. C. by a branch of the Hittites who subsequently, however, lost control. Subbi-luliuma could well rest content with what he had accomplished, and the extensive empire that he had created by his exploits, stretching from the Halys Basin to the Euphrates, remained in the hands of his successors for a period of nearly two hundred years.

This, then, is the Empire of the Hittites in the period of its greatest strength as revealed to us in its general outlines. During the next century they were kept busy resisting the inroads of Assyria and Egypt, and, although they succeeded in holding the Egyptians under Rameses II at bay in a severe encounter at Kadesh on the Orontes, the decline of the Empire may be said to set in after this battle, which took place in 1288 B. C.

After *c.* 1200 B. C. we hear little more of the Hittite power in the annals of Egyptian rulers. They are replaced by the Muski, who, for a time, become the dominant force in Asia Minor and who, as Professor Garstang believes, may have been a European people, akin to the Phrygian conquerors of later times. The Hittite states were split up into a number of principalities, and during the following centuries it is a Hittite state with its centre at Carchemish with which Assyrian rulers like Tiglathpileser I (1125-1100 B. C.) come into conflict. A decline of the Assyrian Empire which sets in after Tiglathpileser I enables the Hittites to regain some of their lost prestige. During the tenth century, they succeeded in shaking off the yoke imposed upon them by the Assyrians, and until the middle of the ninth century, when a renewal of Assyria's power be-

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gins, the Hittite states, at all events the one with Carchemish as its capital, were free agents. An internal disruption may also be assumed as one of the factors which led to the gradual loss of one stronghold after the other. Carchemish, Kummukih, Milid, Samalla (or Sindjerli), Gurgum, were obliged to acknowledge the suzerainty of Assyria. In the latter half of the sixth century, the Persian power under the lead of Cyrus and his generals appears on the scene, but the ineffective Persian rule leaves few traces in the region in which Greek influence and Greek ideas were steadily advancing. With the conquest of Asia Minor by Alexander the Great a new era, marked by the more or less complete Hellenization of the interior section, sets in. There thus result three periods of Hittite history: the first in the second millennium before our era, marked by the control of the Euphrates Valley for a short time and by settlements as far south as Hebron in Palestine; the second in the fourteenth century, leading to the establishment of an extensive Hittite Empire in Asia Minor and embracing northern Syria through the union of the various Hittite states with its centre at Boghaz-Keui; the third in the tenth century, which may be designated as a Renaissance, brought about again by a union of Hittite states, this time with the political centre at Carchemish.

The recovery of this significant chapter in the history of mankind is all the more noteworthy if it be borne in mind that the Hittite inscribed monuments, of which we now have a large number, have not yet been deciphered. Various attempts have been made during the past two decades, notably by Professor Jensen of Marburg and by Professor Sayce; but Jensen's learned method has been rejected, and Sayce's ingenious method has not been accepted. Progress has been made in determining the general character of the inscriptions, some of which are clearly of a votive character, while others are quite certainly historical, and a few ideographic signs, such as those for king and country, may also be regarded as satisfactorily settled; but all this represents only a small beginning, and the key to a solution of the mysterious problem is yet to be discovered. There are, however, good reasons for believing that a definite basis will be obtained through the publication of the Eoghaz-Keui archives, containing in all probability Hittite documents transcribed into cuneiform characters.

Not only have the general outlines of Hittite history been recovered through the laborious researches of a number of European scholars, but the careful study of the monuments from a geographical and archæological point of view, in connection with supplementary evidence from other sources, has revealed much valuable information regarding the religion, art, architecture, habitations, and customs of the various Hittite groups. Professor Garstang has performed this part of his task in summing up the data procured in this way in a most satisfactory manner. In addition to a chapter on the geography of the region covered by Hittite settlements, in which what might have been a rather dry narrative is relieved by interesting glimpses of present conditions and by a large number of good illustrations, he furnishes a valuable summary of the sites, more than fifty in number, in which monuments of an unmistakable Hittite character have been found. The Hittite sites so far identified include walled towns to the number of about seven, in most of which remains also of Hittite palaces have been unearthed. In addition we have found Hittite fortresses, rock carvings with or without inscriptions in about a dozen places, and, lastly, movable stones, embracing sculptures in the round, mural reliefs, reliefs representing ceremonial feasts, offerings, hunting scenes, inscriptions accompanying human figures, and inscriptions only at more than thirty sites. Of stones that were certainly found *in situ* we have, to be sure, only two—one at Kuru-Bel, close to the modern Comana, and one at Bogche, not far from Cæserea; but supplementary evidence shows that with the exception of a small number of monuments, evidently carried far away from their original position, the rest belong to the district in which they were discovered. Dividing the monuments into five groups according to the place of discovery, (a) monuments of northern Syria, (b) monuments in the Taurus and Anti-Taurus range, (c) monuments of the Halys Basin, (d) monuments of the West, and (e) monuments of the southeast, Professor Garstang proceeds to a detailed description of these remains, accompanied by numerous illustrations. A site particularly rich in its yield of Hittite monuments is Marash, among which are two stone lions, covered with inscriptions, that originally stood at the entrance to a palace or other large building. Both the art displayed in the sculpture and the subject are characteristic of Hittite works, for the lion and the eagle (or the double-headed eagle) are the two most prominent emblems in Hittite religious art, and at Boghaz-Keui they are found in association. Of the lion we can now say definitely that it is the animal associated with the great mother goddess and her son who in various forms and under various designations in the ancient Orient correspond to the Semitic Ishtar and Tammuz, while the eagle is in all probability the symbol of the sun-god, as it appears also in Babylonian art.

The most elaborate sculptures discovered up to the present time are those two miles to the east of Boghaz-Keui and known as Jasily Kaya—the "Inscribed Rock." Winding around the smoothed surface of the rocks at this place, there are two large processions of figures approaching one another. On the left-hand side there are no less than 43 figures sculptured on the rocks, on the other side 22 in number. The head of each procession is clearly a deity—on the left side a god, on the right a goddess followed by a god who, there is every reason to believe, is the son of the goddess. It is clear from this that the entire scene is of a religious character.

In each procession Professor Garstang has also succeeded in identifying a large figure as the king acting also in a priestly capacity, and on the whole one inclines to the view that it is the same royal personage who is here twice represented. But exactly what kind of religious scene is portrayed in this remarkable group must for the present remain doubtful, though there is much to be said in favor of our author's suggestion that the scene represents the symbolical nuptials of the male and female principle in Nature indicated by the chief male and chief female deity.

This leads us to say a word about the religion of the Hittites, on which Professor Garstang touches only incidentally. Indeed, it is one of the defects in this work, so complete in almost all other respects, that the author has not put together in systematic form the data from the Hittite monuments and from the Egyptian and Babylonian sources regarding the Hittite gods and the nature of their worship. Much is to be gathered also from seal cylinders of Hittite origin, as may be seen from the chapter on the subject in Dr. Ward's "Seal Cylinders of Western Asia." To mention only one point, Dr. Ward has made it probable that the type of the naked goddess in Babylonian art is an importation due to Hittite influence. Whether in return we are justified in tracing the cult of the mother-goddess in Hittite regions to Babylonia is open to question. The idea seems to have been common to the Semites, and it may well be that it spread into Asia Minor without the direct intervention of Babylonian culture. The lion in Babylonia and Assyria is the symbol of Marduk, who is a solar deity, and not, as among the Hittites, of the mother-goddess whose emblem, in Assyria at all events, appears rather to have been the dove. As for the chief deity, while it is true, as Professor Garstang also points out, that he has the qualities of a solar deity, there is another phase of nature associated with him that is equally important. As is natural in the case of a mountainous people, the god who stands at the head of the pantheon is also the storm whose voice is heard in the thunder, who

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drives along in the wind, and who hurls the lightning. Such a god is preëminently a warrior-deity, and as such is also represented with an axe. The bull—the symbol of strength—becomes the animal with which he is associated. In Babylonia, in the same way, the sun and the storm, with the accompanying thunder, lightning, and rain, are combined into a single conception, and the chief deity, in the various periods, now Enlil, later Marduk, in one place Ningirsu, in another Ninib, manifests both the traits of the sun-god and of the warring storm-god.

The two chief religious ideas present in Semitic religion—the male and female principle—are also to be recognized, as we have seen, in the Hittite religion, but there is no indication that among the Hittites the ascendency was given to the female principle. A development in this direction does, in fact, take place in Asia Minor, but not until a comparatively late date. The cult of the mother-goddess survives after the Hittites themselves have passed away and the Kybele or *mater magna* of the Phrygians is a survival of the old Semitic Ishtar, only slightly transformed through Hittite influences. We question, however, whether Professor Garstang is right in tracing the tradition of the Amazons back to Hittite days. That the Amazons are originally the priestesses of the mother-goddess is quite likely, but the conception of the Amazon itself seems to be due to other influences—Aryan or proto-Aryan. But we will not quarrel with our author on this and other points in his work which might be controverted and in regard to which more material is needed before a definite decision can be reached. Professor Garstang will probably be the first to recognize the defects of his work, but his grasp of the wide subject is so thorough and he has made such a careful study of the material now at our disposal that we can well afford to overlook any shortcomings which do not affect major matters.

Professor Garstang has had the advantage of two journeys of exploration in Asia Minor, so that his study has been supplemented by what he has seen and observed; and many of the photographs in the volume are the fruit of these journeys. How great the interest in the fascinating subject is may be gathered from the expedition organized this very year, under the auspices of the British Museum, to carry on excavations at one of the most important of Hittite centres—Carchemish. Work was begun last March by Prof. D. G. Hogarth, the eminent archæologist, whose wide knowledge and experience fitted him admirably for the task. From the first report published a few weeks ago, it appears that already a large number of important finds have been made, including the largest and about the most perfect Hittite text as yet discovered, in connection with a series of thirteen slabs depicting a battle scene which the text evidently commemorates.

Mention ought to be specially made of the three important plans of Hittite structures and the three useful maps in the book, of the alphabetically arranged list of Hittite sites, with detailed indications of the monuments found at each, as well as of the Bibliography, which, while not aiming to be complete, comprises all of importance and of permanent value that has been published on the subject.

CURRENT FICTION.

Her Little Young Ladyship. By Myra Kelly. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

One's first notion of the book would be that it is an early and more pretentious effort on the part of the popular chronicler of East Side childhood. But the date of the dedication shows that it must have been virtually the last thing written by Miss Kelly. It has the defects noticeable in so many novels written by those who have been successful with the short story. It is made out of whole cloth, cleverly enough, but with effort. As a mere invention, it is hardly notable. The plot is not new—even its touches of melodrama are of conventional sort. The American girl who marries the Irish lord, and finds herself in hot water with his family, is a lady with a long pedigree. Here, to be sure, instead of the angry dowager, her "little young ladyship" has to contend with a jealous twin-brother who feels that mere chance has ousted him from his birthright. Unluckily, this gentleman is painted so black as to be hardly visible to the imagination. Cruel to inferiors, faithless to equals, envious of his betters, he is a very pretty figure of malice—for a lay figure. His only good trait is love for the home of his ancestors, and this becomes the foundation of his villany. After the birth of a son to her little young ladyship, the villain turns his mind deliberately toward schemes for getting rid of the mother and child, and even of his brother. His lordship, after the fashion of heroes in fiction, refuses to see what everybody else sees, and continues to regard his brother as a fine fellow in hard luck. But murder is out at last: all the younger brother's perfidy is made clear, and it only remains for him to depart from the scene by way of an epileptic fit. There is another unmitigated brute in the neighborhood of Glendaire Castle—a sporting baronet, M.F.H., utterly heartless and inhuman. Miss Kelly has written with feeling of the condition of the peasantry in Ireland, and we suspect from the opening of the story that some solution is to be offered. The suspicion proves idle: the story is a romance, nothing more nor less. Her ladyship's American father and mother, self-made and independent, are well drawn. Abraham Petty, an American rustic of whom a good deal is made, is simply a "comic" in the Sunday-supplement understanding of the word. There is amusing dialogue, and there are one or two well-managed situations in the book, but we should hardly judge from it that Miss Kelly would have developed power as a novelist if she had lived. She will be remembered for the humor and fidelity with which she painted a picturesque and passing phase of life in the American metropolis.

White Motley. By Max Pemberton. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co.

A titled scalliwag, a lovely, long-suffering wife, and a very perfect gentleman of humble antecedents—upon this well-established triangle is erected a thoroughly up-to-date romance. The inevitable elbow-rubbing incident to travel is, for the nonce, curiously prominent in the mind of the insular novelists. The phenomenal opportunities which the public hostelry affords for contact between different strata of English society, have been made the basis of at least four novels within the last six months, and this is at least the second in which we have been treated to the edifying spectacle of the Briton shedding his shell under the recreative influences of Alpine sport. Thus it will be seen that in bringing together a heroine from the upper class and a hero from the middle class, amid the rout of merrymakers at a Swiss resort, Mr. Pemberton is in line with the best current English practice; while in the aeronautical feats which he imputes to his hero he is well ahead of the game. Ghostly trial flights by moonlight, followed by a spectacular prize-winning voyage over the great peaks of the Pennine Alps, easily put "Benny" into a class by himself. It only remains for him to establish a record for the aviator in fiction by flitting over the inferior Alps into Italy on a little private errand of chivalry, in order to demonstrate that the magic carpet and the seven-league boots are already things of the past.

House of Torment. By C. Ranger-Gull. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

As "Guy Thorne" Mr. Ranger-Gull is known as the author of "When It Was Dark" and other pseudo-religious novels of a distinctly High-Church tendency. "House of Torment" is in intention an historical romance, dealing with the adventures of John Commendone, gentleman to King Philip of Spain at the English court. Queen Mary of England plays a prominent part in the story and several other historical personages are introduced. Part of the action occurs

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in Spain, and the author describes the tortures of the Inquisition in great detail. Yet all his labored effort fails to produce that thrill of horror which an artist in fiction could cause in a few paragraphs. The story is not without interest, and there are colorful descriptions, brisk dialogues, and dramatic crises. But persistent harping upon bigotry, cruelty, and licentiousness grows monotonous; tragedy heavily and evenly spread becomes wearisome. His best writing concerns a subject likely to offend his usual constituency. He describes minutely and vividly a house of ill-fame frequented by Philip of Spain. The proprietress, the inmates, the unsexed attendant, the exotic and decadent trappings of vice—these are set forth with a skill that cannot be denied. That this passage, however well written, is in place in a book of this character is doubtful. The lascivious side of the King's character could be less offensively indicated. The author would do well to rid himself of his fondness for stating that sounds shiver. "The lutes shivering out their arpeggio accompaniment," "A high tenor voice shivered out in song," "A little shivering noise rang out into the room," "A sweet tenor voice shivered out beneath the bellying sails"—surely, Roget's Thesaurus would furnish Mr. Ranger-Gull with some usable synonyms. And after studying the Thesaurus he might turn to the novels of Sir Walter Scott with pleasure and profit. For Sir Walter knew how to write historical romances.

The Heart of a Woman. By Baroness Orczy. New York: George H. Doran Co.

The author of this book set out with a clever idea for a murder story, and so far as it keeps to murder and mystery it is neither unsuccessful nor uninteresting. But the language of the writer in summoning her characters into action, the language of the lovers, the behavior of the accused and the guilty, are on a plane quite apart from the main issue, so that the reader who should be thrilling is compelled to smile. The author continually insists upon the fact that her two young Londoners, the plighted pair, members of the great world of society, are commonplace and conventional. It is not to dispute the point that the reviewer notes it, but to ask why, being indisputable, it need be maintained early and late and almost rancorously? It must be said that for commonplace folk they indulge in an unusual plethora of language bordering at moments upon the grand manner. He, on the point of becoming "a fugitive from justice," makes a long speech to her, expressing his envy of the slaves of olden days, that he might kneel before his lady-love and have her place her naked foot upon his neck. "The light of this lamp throws a golden radiance over you, your lips are quivering—oh! ever so slightly, and your eyes reveal to me the exquisiteness of your soul." For her "there was a quaint joy in hearing him thus rambling on—he, the reserved man of the world." Then she gives him "in that even, contralto voice of hers which he loved to hear," a discourse on feelings generally, her own specifically, *telling him in conclusion*: "You have no right, having once come into my life, having once given substance and vitality to my love, to withdraw yourself away from me." And this with the police nearing the door! It is rather a pity that the central theme had not been treated by another hand than that which strewed the flowers of love and minstrelsy.

Phyllis in Middlewych. By Margaret Westrup. New York: John Lane Co.

Phyllis shone like a juvenile goddess among the dull earth-born inhabitants of Middlewych. Silly old maids were tremulously eager for her society, and easily mistook her lightly veiled contempt for flattering partiality. Little lads who suffered from over-doses of coddling grew quite manly after associating with her for a few days. On Phyllis's advice children were adopted, by Phyllis's example rude manners were rebuked, Phyllis herself, besides being extremely well-bred in an English way, was altogether a jaunty little sportswoman. With her parents, who were really quite a credit to her, she maintained the most cordial relations. Their informality was such jolly good form, you see. "Old girl," says her father to Phyllis. "Old man," responds she to him, in the most enviable, off-hand style imaginable. We had hoped in our crude American hearts that the race of "wise children" to which Phyllis belongs was by this time totally extinct.

ESSAYS OF PROFESSOR MAITLAND.

The Collected Papers of Frederic William Maitland. Edited by H. A. L. Fisher. 3 vols. Cambridge University Press. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $10 net.

The death of Professor Maitland at Grand Canary in 1906, at the all too early age of fifty-six, cut short the activity of one of England's most remarkable scholars. He at first planned to practise at the bar, and had time to write very little until well past thirty. But in 1885, his love of study led him to a lectureship at Cambridge. In the score of years which remained to him he won for himself, by his rich output of raw material from the Year Books and by his finely finished work in a number of volumes, a foremost place among the great contributors to the history of English law. In fact, we fancy that those who are fit to judge will regard him as the most important legal writer since Blackstone.

Some years ago Mr. Balfour, then Prime Minister, spoke in the House of Commons of the trade unions as corporations. A distinguished lawyer on the opposition benches interrupted him with, "The trade unions are not corporations." "I know that," retorted Mr. Balfour; "I am talking English, not law." Maitland knew how to talk both. It was part of his rare gift to treat legal subjects with equal learning, lucidity, and charm. As in the case of William James, his pages often have the fascinating playfulness of a kitten with a ball of yarn. He will pounce upon an idea, toss it in the most amusing directions, and unroll unsuspected lengths of subtle speculation. "He was always learned, always original, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he was transparently right." In addition to his delightful style—not too common among writers on law—Maitland was distinguished from many lawyers and legal historians by a scientific habit of thought and an abounding common sense which freed him from pedantry and conventional conservatism. He reverenced ancient law. He delighted to trace the origin of legal rules in the social and economic conditions of a bygone age. But with all his knowledge of and reverence for the dead past, he had a keen appreciation of the living present. He hated to see an old rule unfitly surviving in a changed environment. One of the most vigorous chapters in the "Collected Papers" is his plea for the modernization of the frightfully complex and anachronistic English law of real property (I, 162 ff.). In contrast, he praises the Germans. In their new Civil Code there is incorporated, indeed, a great deal of old law which reaches back to ancient Rome or to mediæval Germany. "But all this stuff," Maitland says (III, 485),

> wheresoever obtained, has recently been passed through modern minds, has been debated, criticised, refined: and an endeavor has been made to present it as a single, coherent, homogeneous whole. Could anything of the same sort be said of us? Are we facing modern times with modern ideas, modern machinery, modern weapons? I wish that I could think so. Some of our ideas seem to be antiquated; some of our machinery seems to me cumbrous and rusty; some of our weapons I would liken to blunderbusses, apt to go off at the wrong end. . . . I would mention in particular a great deal of what we call the Law of Real Property. It seems to me to be full of rules that no one would enact nowadays unless he were in a lunatic asylum.

This passage suggests another characteristic of Maitland's mind and work which unfortunately has not been shared by a sufficient number of English, or even American, legal historians—his acquaintance with foreign, especially German, scholarship and jurisprudence. It used to be a habit of his to look over

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the weekly lists of the tons of legal literature which fell from the German presses. He believed (and his writings bear the fruits of his belief) that the student of English law can be greatly illumined by a study of foreign systems. No Englishman was more keenly sensitive than Maitland to the fact that Brunner and other Germans had been invading the field of English history in a superior fashion. Yet no man was more generous and hearty than he in his appreciation of their services. And if England had had more scholars of Maitland's mould, she would scarcely have had to wait so long, and in the end be beholden to a German—Dr. Liebermann—for an adequate edition of her own precious Anglo-Saxon laws.

The three volumes here presented do not, of course, include any of Maitland's integral and earlier published works—"English Law before Edward I," "Canon Law," "Township and Borough," "Domesday Book," "Political Theories in the Middle Ages," "English Law and the Renaissance," the "Life of Leslie Stephen," or the posthumous "Constitutional History." Nor do they include those admirable prefaces which he wrote for the documents which he edited for the Selden Society and for the Rolls Series; these are easily accessible to students and could not without injury be wrenched from the texts which they were intended to introduce. Otherwise these three volumes contain, so Mr. Fisher assures us, substantially the whole of Maitland's scattered writings. With two exceptions the papers have been printed before, but we are grateful to Mr. Fisher for gathering them together from their inaccessible or unknown lodgment in various periodicals and encyclopædias. Arranged mostly in the order in which they were written, they enable us to trace the growth of Maitland's interest and activity along special lines. They begin with a philosophical dissertation on "Liberty and Equality" submitted by the author as a young Cambridge graduate in competition for a Trinity fellowship. They end with beautiful appreciations of the character and work of his good friends, Bishop Stubbs, Lord Acton, Leslie Stephen, Henry Sidgwick, and Mary Bateson. The other chapters cover a variety of subjects, of which not even a list can here be given. The professional lawyer will enjoy the chapters on the peculiar origin and character of English Trusts and corporations. The layman and historian will be most interested in Maitland's criticism of Herbert Spencer's theory of society, his plea for a reform of the land laws, his "Reasons why the history of English law is not written," his brilliant sketch, which followed five years later, of the "Outlines of English Legal History," his objections to Sir Henry Maine's generalizations in regard to early village communities, his account of the making of the German Civil Code, and his reviews of various books. Many of the papers, however, are very technical and deal with problems the simplest terms of which are not to be apprehended except by the trained student of English history.

Mr. Fisher has added an excellent index. We should have been glad if he had reprinted by way of introduction the discriminating biographical memoir of his brother-in-law which he published a year and a half ago, and which contains a few of Maitland's letters.

Briefe Kaiser Wilhelms des Ersten. Nebst Denkschriften und anderen Aufzeichnungen in Auswahl herausgegeben von Erich Brandenburg. Leipzig: Insel-Verlag.

The editor of this volume tactfully refrains from unconditional eulogy, admitting that the success of William I. was less due to his own merits than to his choice of the ablest men of his time to pilot the ship of state through perilous situations. To hold in check and induce to work harmoniously two such strong individualities as Bismarck and Moltke was indeed proof of superior judgment, and to yield to their better counsel with no loss of dignity to himself was one of his greatest achievements as sovereign.

The main interest of the book lies not, as one would expect, in its glimpses into political machinery, but in its human quality. It shows the founder of the new German empire divested of imperial purple and gives an opportunity to trace his personal development. The first entry in the book is a childish bit of writing from the prince's eleventh year, a page from a diary, reflecting the zest with which the prince, who had then no prospect of succeeding to the throne and was destined for the army, entered upon the methodical routine of his future career. The serious tenor of these reflections and of some of the earlier letters is rather amusing. Only once is it interrupted by an outburst of spontaneous youthful enthusiasm, when on April 4, 1814, he writes from Paris, which he had entered with the victorious army. Referring his correspondent to Count Schwerin for news regarding the army, he plunges straightway into an enumeration of the sights of the city, not forgetting the elephant in the Jardin des Plantes and the Palais Royal. His impressions are emphasized with a profusion of exclamation points and culminate in a postscript which reads: "Nein, die himmlischen Balletts der grossen Oper!!! Göttlich!!!!" Close upon this bit of boyish enthusiasm follow some pages of maxims dated 1815, which show quite a different phase of his character. They are replete with moral precepts and resolutions of a commonplace Sunday-school variety, and sound very strange to the ears of a more sophisticated generation.

With advancing years the pious note obtrudes itself more and more in both his personal and his official utterances. Perhaps no other monarch of modern times was so sincerely convinced of the "Gottesgnadentum" of royalty as was William I. It was probably the secret of his popularity with a great part of the people, who admired him for his simple faith, and saw in him a man endeavoring to the best of his knowledge and ability to fulfil the duties of his responsible position. No less firmly was he convinced of Prussia's right to supremacy over the other German states when the question of uniting them under one government began to be discussed. He was, indeed, during the tumultuous fourth and fifth decades of the past century, the very backbone of conservatism. He writes on the 11th of December, 1849, that the Constitution should not acknowledge civil marriage, and that it should limit the people's right to meet in public and organize societies; and he recommends a parliamentary body similar to the English House of Lords to support the conservative elements against the encroachments of democracy. He refers to his reputation as "Revolutionsriecher." His was an ideal of military rule, and in that curious document drafted April 10, 1857, and called his last will, he thanks his brother, the King, for having allowed him to restore "Zucht und Ordnung" in Germany. There is a letter from the same year in which he sharply distinguishes between parliamentary legislation and parliamentary government, accepting the former but decidedly rejecting the latter. Though he would not have a Cabinet appear infallible, he desires to see it protected against the possibility of impeachment and dismissal.

Of the letters of a later period those addressed to Bismarck throw light upon the peculiar relation between the sovereign and his prime minister. It is quite evident that Bismarck's far-reaching political schemes sometimes went beyond the comprehension of William I. There is a guarded self-consciousness in his replies, showing that he was overawed by admiration for Bismarck's genius, and had implicit faith in his superior judgment. The book fitly closes with a letter dated December 23, 1887, in which he consults Bismarck with regard to the advisability of initiating his grandson into the affairs of state, since the illness of the crown prince gave cause for alarm.

A peculiar feature of these letters is their language. The sovereign who spoke so frequently and emphatically of the force of moral example, did not write an exemplary German, but interlarded his language with an amazing amount of foreign expressions and quotations. True to his conservatism he

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persisted in the use of linguistic hybrids which his mother-tongue owed to the Gallomania of Frederick the Great, at a time when the reaction against them was already strong. In a letter to Bismarck of April 16, 1864, occur the terms "inquietirt," "maliziös," "Rhein-Grenzenrektifikation," "perhorreszirt," "koalisiren," "realisiren," etc. In a personal note to Generalmayor von Boyen he thanks him for the "deliziösen serrepapiers, der das Geschmackvollste ist, das man sich denken kann inklusive des attentiösen Blaus." A letter to the Queen contains the French phrases "mettons," "sous main," "entre nous soit dit," and "qui vivra, verra." On becoming acquainted with the German language as it was written by the founder of the new empire, it is not surprising that one of the high officials during his reign, Dr. Stephan, inaugurated the movement to purge the language of its foreign ingredients and restore it to its original purity.

The Cambridge History of English Literature. Edited by A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller. Volume VII: Cavalier and Puritan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

The last two volumes of this work brought down the account of the drama to the closing of the theatres in 1642. In the present volume the history of non-dramatic literature is resumed, and we have a survey of the Cavalier and Puritan writers whose activity, although in some instances extending beyond the Restoration, is identified at least in spirit with the reign of Charles I and the period of the Commonwealth. The age embraces, of course, some of the principal names in English literature, and we have here consequently a corresponding gain in interest as compared with some of the preceding volumes. The reader who recalls Professor Saintsbury's article on Shakespeare in this history will observe with some misgivings that about one-fourth of the entire volume is from his pen. It is only fair to acknowledge, however, that of the three chapters which he has contributed—those, namely, on the Lesser Caroline Poets, Milton, and the Antiquaries—two are of excellent quality, and if the chapter on Milton can hardly be said to fulfil all legitimate expectations in the treatment of the second greatest figure in our literature, it is at least not exasperatingly bad like the contribution on Shakespeare. Milton moves in a clearer historical light, and his production has not the endless variety of the Shakespearean drama, so that no vast body of critical literature has grown up about his life and writings, as in the case of Shakespeare and even Chaucer. Thus in the present instance one great stumbling-block is removed from Professor Saintsbury's path, for, however much the individual critic may chafe under the necessity, it is impossible to offer any adequate contribution to a work of this character without giving due consideration to the labors of other men. As far as the chapter on Milton is concerned, those portions are most satisfactory which make the least demand on the writer's critical powers. Thus the life and prose writings are well described, and Professor Saintsbury's unconventional habit of mind stands him here in good stead, when without mincing words he sets down to a want of practical sense so much in Milton's public and domestic life that the world has been inclined to gloss over. But the poems are another matter, and whereas Professor Saintsbury brings to his task the great requisites of sympathy and admiration, one cannot but feel that the result falls far short of what many of his predecessors in the interpretation of Milton have achieved. This is particularly true of the pages that are devoted specifically to "Paradise Lost," which for the most part consist not so much of criticism as an evasion of criticism. To be sure, the concluding sentence of this discussion sums up well the spirit of the poem, and later on we have the generally recognized peculiarities of Milton's versification accurately stated, with some additional observations on his style, but, on the whole, it is only too plain that the writer has here failed to rise "to the height of this great argument." As regards the minor poems, how can Professor Saintsbury, in his effort to make it appear that Milton's development was slow, say of the "Vacation Exercise" that only in the summoning of the rivers at the close is there any approach to individuality, "and even then there is a strong suggestion of Spenser." If any poet but John Milton could have composed the magnificent vision of heaven in this poem beginning:

> Yet I had rather, if I were to choose,
> Thy service in some graver subject use,

we should like to know who he was. As intimated above, Professor Saintsbury is much more successful in his other contributions to this volume. He is, of course, the recognized authority on the minor Caroline poets, and his chapter on the antiquaries—Browne, Fuller, Walton, and Urquhart (the translator of Rabelais)—was evidently written *con amore*. To some readers the quaintness of Browne's diction, his curious learning, and his solemn and splendid rhetoric are hardly an offset for the rather meagre intellectual content of his writings, but Professor Saintsbury's wide reading and *flair* for style qualify him especially for critical sympathy with this most distinctive representative of seventeenth century prose. No mention is made here of the fact, which seems, however, well established, that Sir Thomas Urquhart drew his amazing vocabulary very largely, if not mainly, from Cotgrave's French-English Dictionary. Happiest of all in this chapter is the characterization of Walton's "Compleat Angler," whose landscape and company are those "of 'The Faerie Queene' passed through a slight sieve of realism and crimeless; only in the distance, perhaps, an erring gentleman, who reprehensively derives his jests from Scripture or from want of decency." But the whole passage is worth reading.

We have dwelt thus at length on the contributions of Professor Saintsbury, because to him have been assigned not only the master-poet of the period, but, John Bunyan excepted, the most interesting of the prose-writers. Of the remaining chapters in this volume, four deal with subjects which, though of great importance, form, as it were, merely the background of literature—namely: Scholars and Scholarship, by Foster Watson; English Grammar Schools, by J. Bass Mullinger; The Beginning of English Journalism, by J. B. Williams; The Advent of Modern Thought in Popular Literature, by Harold V. Routh. Mr. Williams's contribution contains much that is amusing and characteristic, as in the account of the patriarch of English journalism, Samuel Pecke, who was capable of quoting Hebrew sentences under the impression that he was quoting Greek. Among the other chapters on the various branches of literature especially to be commended is that of W. H. Hutton on the Caroline Divines—Traherne, Herbert, Jeremy Taylor, and the rest. The style possesses something of the meditative and spiritual quality of these classics of seventeenth century piety and eloquence. F. W. Moorman, author of the "Life of Herrick," gives an adequate account of the Caroline lyric, and A. W. Ward a full and interesting discussion of the historical and political writings in which the characterization of Clarendon is particularly felicitous. Few readers, however, will rate so low as Dr. Ward the "Autobiography" of Lord Herbert of Cherbury—a human document of first-rate importance, as it seems to us, for the life of those times. The able article on Hobbes and Contemporary Philosophy by W. R. Sorley should also not go without mention. The only American contribution to the present volume is by Prof. J. E. Spingarn, from whose authoritative pen we have the chapter on Jacobean and Caroline criticism.

The bibliographies in this volume occupy an even larger space than heretofore. Not being prepared by the contributors they occasionally include material not used in the text. Thus Traherne's "Poems of Felicity," edited last year by H. I. Bell, is recorded (with a brief indication of contents) in the bibliography to the chapter on the Sacred Poets, although it is barely referred to

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in the text as being still in manuscript. One is rather surprised that Mr. Dobell's most recent find, the poems of William Strode, is not mentioned in this chapter. The following omissions in the Milton bibliography seem worthy of note: Paul Chauvet's valuable thesis, "La religion de Milton" (1909); A. F. Leach's "Milton as Schoolboy and Schoolmaster," in the Proceedings of the British Academy (1908). Moreover, if Latin translations of "Paradise Lost" are to be included that of Hog should not be omitted, since, owing to its early date (1690), it affords striking proof of the rapidity with which the fame of Milton's great poem became established.

Louis XIV and Madame de Maintenon. By Charlotte Lady Blennerhassett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75.

Lady Blennerhassett's study of the political and social fortunes of Madame de Maintenon—for she rather than Louis is the editor's chief concern—is admirable for its virile scholarship and for its charming facility of expression. She has prepared a book which the student of French history may well keep on his shelf of ready reference and which the layman may read with quickening interest. For the subject matter is much more comprehensive than the title indicates. It is a history of the career of Agrippa d'Aubigné's granddaughter, first in her relations with the King, but secondly and principally as a figure in the various political and religious crises which are coupled more generally with Louis's name than with hers. Somewhat as Sainte-Beuve in his "Port Royal" wrote a literary and spiritual history of a century and more of French life, so the present editor has known how deftly to connect Louis's uncrowned wife with all that was of most importance in his reign. Thus we find excellent chapters on the Spanish Succession, the Princesse des Ursins, Fénelon and Bossuet, Quietism, the Great Military Reverses, and Jansenism. And yet the book is no apologia of the erstwhile wife of Paul Scarron. Madame de Maintenon is treated with sane and just consideration. No new materials have been adduced for the hazarding of a new judgment. Nor can this probably ever be done, as Madame de Maintenon gratuitously destroyed all letters and journals touching in any way upon the mooted question of her marriage to the King. She will always remain a sort of biographic sphinx. As Lady Blennerhassett aptly says in conclusion:

> It sounds like a fairy tale that the mightiest and most charming sovereign of Europe fell in love with the elderly widow of a not very respectable playwright and made her his wife. She never said so, and carried her secret to the grave. This also was very extraordinary, and, moreover, very grand.

One often judges incorrectly both of the character and the rôle of Madame de Maintenon, because one judges them according to her fortunes, truly extraordinary. The great height to which she rose as if by a miracle makes one suspect in her an equal height of ambition and intelligence. It is a suspicion which she foresaw in her own lifetime and protested against. "People think," said she, "that I reached the place where I now am by the tenacity of my purpose and by unceasing efforts, . . . that I possess a singular strength of mind and a surpassing intelligence to be able to shape the plan of an elevation such as mine. Oh, no. All this was no work of mine. I could neither have intended nor achieved it. God alone has been leading me to the place where I now am. . . ." Yet she certainly had her distinctive originality, especially, and perhaps uniquely, as "institutrice de la maison royale de Saint Louis," a modest title though a proud one, and the only one that she wanted placed upon her tomb. And if more could well be asked of the present work it might be a few short chapters of detailed study of Madame de Maintenon as "institutrice," her pedagogic theories, their success and weakness, the relation of teacher to student; in a word, the psychology of education as practised at Saint Cyr. Many of her recommendations, as we find them in her correspondence, are strikingly modern. "You will get along much better"—it is to two teachers that she is writing who complained, *qu'il faut toujours parler*—"if you talk less. . . . You talk too much and too fast in your instruction: it is impossible for your girls to follow you. You do not make them talk enough. It is by what they say to you that you can determine whether or not they are profiting. Apply yourselves then to talking in few words. Every thought which suggests itself should not be uttered, even though good."

There is no bibliography in this work or list of works consulted; but the editor cites her authorities freely. These are merely references, however, and—unless it were to make the work too bulky—one would be glad to see occasionally the very words of the original. They always add zest and interest, not infrequently another shade of meaning. By way of illustration we may take an incident recounted on pages 305-6. Briefly relating the visit of Peter the Great, who was inspecting the curiosities of France, in 1717 (Madame de Maintenon is now seventy-three years old), Lady Blennerhassett writes:

> She received him in bed: he asked her through an interpreter what was the matter, and she answered that what afflicted her was old age. He seemed not to understand and drew back her curtains. "You may imagine if he was satisfied," was her amused remark when describing this most unwelcome visit to Madame des Ursins.

Here there is apparently a slight inaccuracy or omission. At least the incident in question may be found in a letter of June 11, 1717, to Madame de Caylus:

> Le czar est arrivé à sept heures, et s'est assis au chevet de mon lit. (Elle s'était, selon l'usage, couchée pour le recevoir.) Il m'a fait demander si j'étais malade; j'ai répondu que oui. Il m'a fait demander ce que c'était que mon mal: j'ai répondu: "Une grande vieillesse avec un tempérament assez faible." Il ne savait que me dire et son truchement ne paraissait pas m'entendre. Sa visite a été fort courte. . . . J'oubliais de vous dire que le czar a fait un peu ouvrir le pied de mon lit pour me voir: vous croyez bien qu'il en aura été satisfait.

The slight difference which makes us see in Peter the barbarian that he really was recalls a simple sentence in a grammar used by many not so long ago: *Ce qui n'est pas clair n'est pas Français.*

The First English Life of Henry V. By an Anonymous Author commonly known as the Translator of Livius. Edited, with an Introduction, Annotations, and Glossary, by Charles Lethbridge Kingsford. New York: Henry Frowde. $2.90.

It has often been justly remarked that the European wars of the first half of the sixteenth century, though essentially modern in many respects, were deeply tinged with mediæval practices and ideas. This is as true of the brief occasions when England took a hand in the struggle, as of the campaigns between the Continental combatants. The very policy of fighting France was profitless and out of date; the methods of waging the war were antiquated in the extreme; but the arguments of those who opposed it were thrown away on the vainglorious young Henry VIII, the dearest wish of whose early years was to prove his personal superiority to Francis I and to revive at his expense the glories of Edward III and Henry V. So much, in fact, was this latter idea in the air during the early years of Henry's reign, that one of the lesser of that group of men whose literary and intellectual productions have added lustre to the age, conceived that he could do his young sovereign no better service than to compose, for his example and instruction, in the vernacular, a life of the victor of Agincourt.

What this man's name was we do not know. Internal evidence proves that his book was written in 1513 or 1514. Its sources are four in number: the "Vita Henrici Quinti," written about 1440 by the Italian scholar, Tito Livio da Forli; the chronicle of Monstrelet; Caxton's "Policronicon," and a life of Henry V written shortly after the middle of the fifteenth century from materials gathered by or under the direc-

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tion of James Butler, fourth Earl of Ormond, the constant companion of the Lancastrian King in England and in France. The first three of these sources are, of course, accessible to-day, but the last is apparently no longer extant, so that the passages in the present book which are derived from it contain precious material which is not preserved elsewhere. The author has used and combined these different authorities with a considerable degree of historical skill. In his preface, or "proem," he only claims to have "translated" Tito Livio and Monstrelet; but in reality he does far more than that: he paraphrases them, and checks and controls them, in some degree, by the "Policronicon" and Ormond's Life; and thus he imparts to his narrative a personality which is quite his own. Moreover, he deserves high praise for the scrupulous care with which he cites his authority for every sentence, in the margin. Such literary honesty was by no means common in those days. Simplicity and freedom from affectation are the salient characteristics of his style. While inferior in this respect to Sir Thomas More's "Life of Richard III," which was also written in 1513, his book need not fear comparison with Hall's chronicle, nor with other historical productions of the reign.

Though unprinted, the "First English Life of Henry V" was evidently familiar to later Tudor historians, Harpsfield, Holinshed, and Stow all utilized it; the last-named possessed a copy and quoted verbatim from it, while professing to translate directly from Tito Livio and Monstrelet. As reproduced by the chronicles of Stow and Holinshed it was known and used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries. The "First English Life of Henry V" may thus be said to have exerted considerable influence in fixing the traditional conception of that monarch as a hero-king.

Two seventeenth-century manuscript copies of this interesting work exist to-day: one in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, the other in the Harleian collection in the British Museum. The former is by far the better of the two, and Mr. Kingsford has printed directly from it, with some small textual corrections from the Harley MS. and from Stow. It is needless to add that he has done his work with profound learning and great accuracy. The Introduction is a model of painstaking and unpretentious scholarship: Mr. Kingsford has spared no labor to discover the essential things, and he tells them simply and clearly; on the other hand, he does not waste a word on irrelevant topics. The present book, like his edition of "Stow's Survey of London," leaves a pleasing impression of finality.

Notes

John Bigelow, at the age of ninety-four, is engaged upon the fifth volume of his "Retrospections of an Active Life." Three volumes of the work have already appeared and the fourth is completed. The Baker & Taylor Co. has the book in hand.

Recent or forthcoming books in the list of Fleming H. Revell Co. include "The Bible Zoo: Talks to Children about the Birds, Beasts, and Insects of the Bible," by Albert C. MacKinnon; "Arnold's Practical Commentary, 1912"; "Woodsy Neighbors of Tan and Teckle," by Charles Lee Bryson; "Tarbell's Teachers' Guide, 1912," by Martha Tarbell; "Frank Field Ellinwood, His Life and Work," by Mary Gridley Ellinwood; "Zig-zag Journeys in Camel Country," by Samuel M. and Amy E. Zwemer; "The Negro and His Needs," by Raymond Patterson; "Islam and Missions," by Samuel M. Zwemer; "The Love Story of a Maiden of Cathay, Told in Letters," by Yang Ping Yu; "Down North on the Labrador," by Wilfred T. Grenfell; "The Gist of the Lesson, 1912," by R. A. Torrey, and "Modern Church Brotherhoods," by William B. Patterson.

Among Duffield & Co.'s autumn books are, in handsome editions: Palgrave's "A Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics," illustrated by Maxfield Parrish; "A Child's Book of Stories," illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith and selected from the old favorites by Penrhyn Wingfield Coussens; Kellogg Durland's "Royal Romances of To-day"; Edward Lear's "The Complete Nonsense Book," with new illustrations and new material, with introduction by Lord Cromer and edited by Lady Strachey; "Byways of Paris," translated from the French of George Cain by Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton, and "In the Heel of Italy," by Martin Shaw Briggs.—In fiction: "Children of the Night," by Mary Hulbert Rogers; "Old Man Greenhut and His Friends," a collection of poker stories, by David A. Curtis, and "The Ginger Cure," by William Ganson Rose.—Juveniles: Mrs. Foster's "Sewing for Little Girls"; "Stories from the New Testament for Children," by Elsa Barker; "The Cruise of the Kingfisher," a tale of deep-sea adventure by H. de Vere Stacpoole; "Mocco: An Indian Boy," by S. M. Barrett: the second series of "Grimm's Animal Stories," with pictures in color by John Rae, and "Picture Plays," by Marguerite Merington.

"The All Sorts of Stories Book," announced by Longmans for Christmas, is the twenty-third annual collected by Andrew Lang; it differs from the others in that it contains some tales that are true.

The University of Chicago Press has in hand: "The Historicity of Jesus," by Prof. Shirley Jackson Case; "Sociological Study of the Bible," by Louis Wallis; "American Poems," selected and edited with explanatory notes and bibliographies by Prof. Walter C. Bronson; "Statistical Studies in Education," by Prof. W. F. Dearborn, and "Assyrian and Babylonian Letters Belonging to the Kouyunjik Collection of the British Museum," edited by Robert Francis Harper, Vols. X and XI.

In Scribner's announcements for this month we note, in fiction: two volumes of short stories, "Interventions," by Georgia W. Pangborn, and "Ship's Company," by W. W. Jacobs—Handsome editions: Stevenson's "Treasure Island," and Mrs. Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy.—Miscellaneous: a new edition of Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer's "Referendum in America"; "The Story of Korea," by Joseph H. Longford.

"The Little Lad of Bethlehem Town," a drama-poem telling an imaginary incident of the first Christmas Eve, by Emily Huntington Miller; "Jingles of a Happy Mother Goose," by Emma S. Seale, revised, and "Tahquitch Maiden," by Phebe Estelle Spalding, will be brought out shortly by Paul Elder & Co.

"The Librarian at Play" is the title of Edmund Lester Pearson's new book, announced by Small, Maynard & Co.

October 21 is the date set for publication for the following of Houghton Mifflin's books: "Broadway," by J. B. Kerfoot; "Two Years Before the Mast," by Richard H. Dana, jr., illustrated copyright edition; "A Safety Match," by Ian Hay; "The Autobiography of Sir Henry M. Stanley," edited by his wife, popular edition; "Sunday Evenings in the College Chapel," by Francis G. Peabody; 'The Man of To-day," by George S. Merriam; "The Life of George Cabot Lodge," by Henry Adams; "Poems and Dramas of George Cabot Lodge," and "Leaves from the Diary of an Impressionist," by Lafcadio Hearn, Riverside Press edition.

Putnam's list of announcements includes: "South America To-day, A Study of Conditions, Social, Political, and Commercial, in Argentina, Uruguay, and Brazil," by George Clemenceau; "The Greatest Street in the World" (Broadway), by Stephen Jenkins; "The Following of the Star;" by Florence L. Barclay, and "The Romantic Life of Shelley, and Its Sequel," by Francis Henry Gribble.

The continuation of Romain Rolland's "Jean Christophe," entitled "Jean Christophe in Paris," issues from Holt's press on Saturday. The work consists of three books: The Market Places, Antoinette, and the House.

On the same day Holt will publish: "The United States Navy, a Handbook," by Henry Williams; John Buchan's "Sir Walter Raleigh," and Mr. Hunting's "A Hand in the Game."

"A Life of Andrew Jackson," by Prof. John Spencer Bassett, and "An Enemy to Society," by George Bronson-Howard, are in preparation by Doubleday, Page & Co.

The following are included in the autumn and holiday announcements of Forbes & Co. of Chicago; "Love's Purple," by S. Ella Wood Dean; "Ben King's Southland Melodies," illustrated; "The Twelfth Christmas, the Christ Child's Revelation," and "To Mother," twenty-five sonnets, both by Marjorie Benton Cooke; "Human Confessions" and "God and Democracy," both by Dr. Frank Crane; "A Calendar for Saints and Sinners," published annually.

George H. Doran Company's autumn announcement includes the following books in fiction, some of which have already appeared; "Corporal Cameron," by Ralph Connor; "The Life Everlasting," by Marie Corelli; John Verney, by H. A. Vachell; "The Notorious Miss Lisle," by Mrs. Baillie-Reynolds; "The Cage," by Harold Begbie;

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"The Faithful Failure," by Rosamond Napier; "Letters to Patty," "The Search Party," "The Simpkins Plot," "Spanish Gold," "Lalage's Lovers," by G. A. Birmingham; "Whom God Hath Joined" and "The Man from the North," by Arnold Bennett; "The Fourth Watch," by H. A. Cody; "The Tenderfoot," by Anna C. Ruddy; "The High Calling," by C. M. Sheldon; "The Yellow Pearl," by Adeline M. Teskey.

The same firm is also issuing "Round About the Black Sea," by W. E. Curtis; "The Golden Land," by A. E. Copping; "Australian Impressions," by Archibald Marshall; "Expositions on Dante," in three volumes, by John S. Carroll; "Recreations of a Booklover" and "The Shining Hour and Other Essays," by F. W. MacDonald; Complete Works of Emily Brontë, edited by W. R. Nicoll and Clement Shorter; Collected Poems of Herbert French; "A Keeper of the Robes" (Fanny Burney), by F. Frankfort Moore. Among the religious books will be "The Expositor's Dictionary of Texts," edited by W. R. Nicoll, Jane T. Stoddart, and James Moffat; "The Psychology of the Christian Soul," by George Steven; "New Testament Criticism," by J. A. McClymont; "The Sacramental Covenant," by David Smith; "Studies in the Messianic Psalms" and "The Book of Jeremiah," by Canon S. R. Driver; "Spiritual Interpretation of Nature," by J. Y. Simpson; "The Testimony of St. Paul to Christ," by J. Knowling; "Preparing to Preach," by David R. Breed; "The Problem of Human Suffering," by Buchanan Blake; "Social Advance," by David Watson; "The Church and the Divine Order," by John Oman; "The Problem of the Work," by J. Wilbur Chapman; "The Death of Christ" and "Sermons on Texts," by James Denney; "The Indwelling Spirit," by W. T. Davidson; "The Cardinal Elements of the Christian Faith," by D. S. Adam; "Studies in the Highest Thought," by A. T. Schofield; "In a Wonderful Order," by J. H. Swinstead; "Miracles and Christianity," by J. Wendland; "Religious Thought in Holland," by J. H. Mackay; "Christ on Parnassus," by P. T. Forsyth; "The History and Witness of Evangelical Christianity," edited by Principal Selbie; "Later Letters of Principal Marcus Dods"; "Pulpit Prayers," by A. Maclaren; "Historical Commentary on the Pastoral Epistles," by William Ramsay; "Studies in Pauline Theology," by Principal Garvie; "Christian Counsel," by David Smith; "The Work of Grace," by J. D. Jones; "Devotional Hours with the Bible," Vol. V, and "The Life of Christ," by J. R. Miller; "The Commonwealth of the Redeemed," by T. G. Selby; "In Silver Chains," by Dinsdale T. Young; "The Creed in the Pulpit" and "The Road to Unity," by Canon Hensley Henson; New uniform edition of the works of George Matheson; "The History of Dogma," by Professor Haering; "The Mysteries of Grace," by John Thomas; "Fifty-two Sermons to Children," by James Vaughan; "A New Volume on the Life of St. Paul," by A. Deissmann. Missionary books include: "My Half-Century in China," by Archdeacon Moule; "An Englishwoman's Twenty-five Years in Tropical Africa," by Gwen Elen Lewis; and "Christ in India," by C. F. Andrews.

In "The Old Order Changeth," a volume which Smith & Elder bring out this month, Frank Dilnot narrates the events of the constitutional struggle in England from the day the Budget was introduced, on April 29, 1909, to the time at which the Parliament bill became law, August 18, 1911.

Edmund Gosse is publishing through the same firm "Two Visits to Denmark, 1872-4."

"The Dialogues of St. Gregory, Surnamed the Great," edited by Edmund G. Gardner, is announced by Lee Warner.

The "Lysistrata" will be added shortly to Benjamin Rogers's translation of Aristophanes. Bell & Sons have it in hand, who also promise for early next year the third and final volume of Swift's correspondence, edited by Elrington Ball.

In the list of Sands & Co. we note "The Mirror of Oxford: Being a Catholic History of Oxford from the Earliest to Present Times," by the Rev. C. Dawson, S.J.

The marriage of Goethe to the low-born Christiane is made the subject of a novel by Sir James H. Yoxall. Smith & Elder are the publishers.

A special edition of the works of Asbjörnsen will be issued in Norway to celebrate his centenary.

Sturgis & Walton have brought out a cheap edition ($2.50 net) of W. E. Geil's "Great Wall of China." In commenting on the original publication, our reviewer (May 19, 1910) described it as "full of a strange fascination for every reader who is fond of geographical and historical novelties."

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. have reissued their edition of Tolstoy's Works in fourteen volumes of pocket size, with photogravure frontispieces. The editor is Nathan Haskell Dole, who also furnishes the translation of "Anna Karénina." Other translators are Isabel F. Hapgood and Aline Delano. In its present form the edition is handy, but in some of the volumes the "Bible paper" is not perfectly opaque.

The sale of the first portion—1,228 lots—of the Huth library will begin at Sotheby's November 15. This first portion extends to the end of the first two letters of the alphabet, exclusive of the Shakespeareana to which the eighth day will be devoted.

The formal opening address of President Elihu Root, delivered on April 27 last, before the annual meeting of the American Society of International Law, which was summarized in our notice of the October *Journal* of that society, followed, as the proceedings of the meeting now issued show, more general remarks in which the speaker surveyed the achievements of the preceding year in the interests of peace. The North Atlantic Coast Fisheries arbitration decision was supplemented, early in the year, by the work of a conference, held in Washington, at which representatives of Great Britain, Canada, Newfoundland, and the United States stipulated their desire to substitute, as Mr. Root expresses it, a settlement *inter partes* for the further judicial proceedings provided for by the award of the Hague tribunal. They thereby obtained the result that the first fruits of the judgment of the arbitrators are concord and a peaceable arrangement, in place of former strife, and the judicial settlement of fundamental questions, and rendered it possible to proceed amicably to the adjustment of subsidiary and practical questions, in a manner never before possible. Mr. Root also adverted to the Canadian boundary waters treaty, providing for the use and disposition of the waters which constitute the greater part of the eastern half of the boundary between the Dominion and the United States. Note was made of the modification of the treaty of 1894, with Japan; the result being that apparently the only question between the two Governments on which disagreement or irritation was possible had been adjusted. On the question of immigration of laborers, Japan had agreed to issue no passports to any; so that it remained simply to watch the Mexican and Canadian frontiers, to make sure that none were surreptitiously brought in. The above, with the other achievements mentioned, constituted an encouraging record.

Prof. C. N. Gregory's statistics showing the number of exclusions and deportations for the last two or three years are significant. In 1910, 969 Chinese were deported; 24,270 aliens were debarred during the same year, with 2,695 arrested and deported after entry, an increase of nearly 100 per cent. over 1909. Of these, 3,128 were rejected on account of physical defects, 379 on account of mental defects, 1,215 on account of moral, and 312 on account of minor physical or mental defects sufficiently grave to affect their ability to earn a living. There were actually expelled, in contradistinction to being excluded, during the same time, on warrants of deportation, 315 because of physical, 709 because of mental, 554 because of moral defects—in all, 1,578, so that 6,602 aliens were returned through unfitness. Also, during the same period, 1,786 alien contract laborers were debarred and 78 deported; 15,907 were debarred as likely to become a public charge. Professor Gregory classifies these under the head of financially defective. He concludes that all the cases were within the recognized powers of the Government. The extent to which a carrier who is compelled to deport an alien can claim protection or indemnity therefor under the law of the country whence the one deported comes, on action brought in a foreign jurisdiction by one deported, has never been conclusively determined. Mr. Van Dyne points out that the State to which an expelled person has emigrated has a right to know the grounds on which the case has been decided. He then discusses recognized grounds of exclusion. Secretary of State Gresham is cited as having taken the stand that unless the expelling Government were to establish by proof the justice of the expulsion, it would be liable to damages; and in one case, that of Jewett, we obtained such an indemnity from Venezuela.

Lewis Melville, already author of a life of Thackeray and a book on the "Thackeray country," contributes to the centenary literature a collection of fourteen light but readable papers under the title "Some Aspects of Thackeray" (Little, Brown & Co.). Three of the chapters are here printed for the first time—Thackeray and the Dignity of Literature, Thackeray and the Newgate School of Fiction, and Some First Editions of Thackeray. The remaining eleven, dealing pleasantly with the criticism, the ballads, the drawing, the illustrators, the cult, etc., of Thackeray, have appeared in various English and American periodicals. The suitability of the volume for post-prandial refreshment is increased by some fifty illustrations, including fascimiles of rare title-

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pages and sketches, and a portrait from an unpublished water-color drawing of 1850.

Houghton Mifflin Company has observed Thackeray's hundredth anniversary by issuing in an edition of 550 numbered copies on hand-made paper nine hitherto unpublished letters, together with a sheaf of recollections by Blanche Warre Cornish, daughter of his friend and kinsman, William Ritchie—the whole numbering 77 pages and entitled "Some Family Letters of W. M. Thackeray." Our opinion of Mr. Titmarsh will not be altered by this fresh handful of his correspondence; the letters are spirited and characteristic, entirely creditable to his humor and good heart. His woe at the prospect of a domestic dinner party is delightful: "The house is turned upside down, frantic knife-cleaning goes on, sham footmen prowl about the premises—I wish we might do it at a hotel. My rest is destroyed and my mind troubled with fear and fluster a week off—I asked William Sterling to meet you, but my dinners ain't good enough for him or he is going out of town. But you shall see a few small lions, and I hope we shall get on." *I hope we shall get on!* Add to that Mr. Thackeray's dictum on salad and you have a compendium of his philosophy of life: "When you think you have put in enough oil, drop in as much more."

"Finland To-day" (Scribner importation), by George Renwick, is a welcome addition to the scant stock of authoritative English books on that fascinating country. The author, a genial Scotchman of wide sympathies and much knowledge of affairs, is—what so few English travellers are—sufficiently familiar with the idiom of the country to converse with the natives. He quotes intelligently bits of Swedish and Finnish prose, and even amends, here and there, existing English translations of Finnish poetry. It is a pleasure to follow him in his wanderings, and his boundless enthusiasm for fjords, cataracts, and the myriads of tiny islets is as infectious as his flowing praise of the excellence of the town hotels and of the hospitality of the simple villagers. He furnishes much valuable information concerning the industrial development of the country, but the most novel feature of the book, to English readers at least, will be the chapters on the literature, music, and art of Finland. Mr. Renwick does no more than justice to the great trio, Runeberg, Snellman, and Lönnrot, who, in the first half of the nineteenth century ushered in the literary renaissance of Finland; but the note of admiration in the chapter on art is somewhat strained. The world has not taken the painter, Edelfelt, or the sculptor, Vallgren, at Mr. Renwick's valuation. Of the latter he says that "there seems to be no limit to his genius." It would have added to the value of the summary of literary celebrities if Mr. Renwick had clearly distinguished between purely Finnish writers and those who used also, or used exclusively, Swedish. Franzén and Topelius, like the poet Runeberg, wrote only in Swedish, and the works of the modern novelist, "Juhani Aho" (some of which have been published in English translations), appear simultaneously in Swedish and Finnish. The eminent philologists, Castrén and Ahlquist, are, strange to say, absent from the list of authors. Mr. Renwick's sympathies with the Fins in their struggles against Russian oppression are deep and outspoken, but he has no word of condemnation for Finnish illiberality toward the Jews. Though there are few errors in the book, a misprint (p. 219) charges the people with "a slight sense of honor," instead of humor. The year 1885 (p. 94) stands for 1855, and there are conflicting statements as to the sobriety of the Fins. The remark that in the towns, wines and spirits are always taken "at breakfast, dinner, and supper," and that "Finland is cultivating a taste for whiskey," does not seem to bear out the assertion that "she is the most sober nation in the world."

In his "Customs of Old England" (Scribner) F. J. Snell does not attempt a comprehensive picture of mediæval life. He limits himself to selected topics, but among these are included many that illustrate the most important aspects of English customs and institutions in the centuries that lie between the Norman Conquest and modern times. Moreover, as the author states in his preface, he deals with these matters not so much in their picturesque aspect as in their fundamental relations to the organized life of the Middle Ages. The university life of the period comes in for the fullest treatment, and next to this judicial and urban customs. Somewhat less full are the chapters on rural and domestic life. From the almost boundless field of ecclesiastical customs and institutions in the Middle Ages only a few matters of antiquarian and literary interest have been chosen. The work is one of popularization drawn from good sources, but it is a pity even in a book of this character that the writer should not have given us more definite references to his authorities than are contained in the merely general acknowledgments of his preface. Within the limits which he has set himself he has managed to place before the reader a great deal of information—for the most part fresh and unhackneyed. We only regret that, even among the topics he has chosen, owing to the small size of his treatise, he should have dealt so briefly with some important matters, such as the life of minstrels and the evil custom of maintenance and livery, which, by keeping at the disposal of the nobles a retinue of lawless followers, was so largely responsible for the disorders of society. Among the corrections to be made we note that a wrong date (1099) is given to the "Assises de Jérusalem"—that is, the code of laws established by the Crusaders in their Oriental dominions. No part of this code is earlier than the last quarter of the twelfth century. What, moreover, does Mr. Snell mean by quoting a "play" of Lucian's? The reference should evidently be to the charming dialogue between Cronos and the priest.

In reissuing his "Eastern Asia" (Stokes), Ian C. Hannah has corrected details and lightened the narrative of many unnecessary names and minor events. In consequence the book is now a fair historical sketch of Asia apart from the Mediterranean area. The style is somewhat exclamatory and even flippant, but good authorities have been followed.

Another life of Charles II has come out under the title of "The Gay King" (Brentano's). The author, Dorothy Senior, attempts to explain the inconsistencies of the King's character as the result of his treatment in Scotland in 1651. The book is on the usual lines, with the usual anecdotes and sketches of character. Its manner of telling is rather more entertaining than the average of its class.

"In the Heel of Italy," by Martin Shaw Briggs (Duffield & Co.), is based on articles originally prepared for the English *Architectural Review*. The city described is Lecce, and Mr. Briggs is to be congratulated on having opened for English readers a new field of remarkable interest. His descriptions and drawings of Leccese architecture will be a surprise to all but the few travellers who have visited Southern Italy. There are many fine survivals of the Norman period, and still more of the Baroque, besides the antique remains which crop out everywhere in the Terra di Otranto. Mr. Briggs devotes most of his book to the history of the city, down to the end of the Bourbon régime, fifty years ago. His last chapter, on the manners and customs of the people to-day, and on the environs, including Otranto, should be read by Americans who desire to know out of what conditions one stream of South Italian immigration flows. Mr. Briggs writes without pretence, as a good draughtsman should. Many of the excellent illustrations are reproduced from his drawings.

The three years covered in the last volume of William Foster's calendar of documents relating to the growth of the East India Company ("The English Factories in India, 1634-1636"; Clarendon Press) were unusually eventful. The English settled at last their long-standing feud with the Portuguese and established with them an attitude of cordial friendship and mutual assistance in Indian affairs which has continued without a break to the present day. In 1635 the English sent their first ship to China—to Macao. It was during these years also that Charles I injured the Company and infringed their solemnly secured monopoly by chartering and assisting the rival and irresponsible body of interlopers known as Courteen's Association. On these and many other matters Mr. Foster sheds new light, as usual, by his judicious analysis of the documents and his careful index. One document reveals a pirate named David Jones, who caused some terror and probably scuttled some ships. May we not trace to him the origin (unknown to the Oxford Dictionary) of "Davy Jones's locker," and of that sailor's superstition, of which the earliest mention appears to be in "Peregrine Pickle," more than a century later?

The twenty-five papers by the late Edmund Clarence Stedman now brought together under the name of "Genius and Other Essays" (Moffat, Yard) represent the occasional work of forty years. Much of this material is rather slight, but the level of judgment and workmanship is ever high. Stedman took his function as a man of letters with priestly seriousness, and nothing perfunctory ever came from his hands. The deft precision of his manner appears to advantage in short notices of Austin Dobson, Landor, Sidney Lanier, Mrs. Stoddard, and William Blake. Very diverting are the reminiscences of Eugene Field, to whose professional buffoonery Mr. Stedman is indulgent. The essay on Edwin Booth's acting in 1862 is of permanent worth, and the author's discrimination of that feminine something

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which made Booth's position different from that of the great tragedians *pur sang* is fine and accurate. In reviewing Bryant's translation of the "Odyssey," Stedman, following Matthew Arnold, indulged the hope that an English hexameter suitable for the task would yet be beaten out by some poet of genius. He made it clear that no other verse form would quite do. Since then has come the age of the translation into rhythmical prose, the English hexameter still remaining a desideratum. The title essay on Genius, born of a controversy with W. D. Howells, possibly does not deserve its prominence. The briefer paper, "What Is Criticism?" contains some of Mr. Stedman's best thinking. We opened this volume with some misgiving. It seemed impossible that such a presentation of minor work should not diminish a fair but tenuous fame. Such fears were groundless. The fine breeding of Stedman, his background of the best reading, his scrupulous standards, are as prominent in this casual collection as in his coherent works. One recalls with gratitude that for fifty years mostly given over to irresponsible puffery and equally irresponsible censoriousness, Stedman pursued the task of criticism upon the theory that the critic must be at home in the entire world of letters. It is this fine breeding and complete absence of provincialism that may give Stedman's best criticism a chance for life beside the works of greater genius. He was saner and safer than either Lowell or Poe, admittedly our greatest critics, and but little their inferior in adroitness. Of the critic's office he held a finer and juster ideal than either of his more famous predecessors.

The death is reported of Sir Herbert Risley, who distinguished himself as a member of the Indian civil service and as a student of anthropology and ethnology. He was the author of "Primitive Marriage in Bengal," "Widow and Infant Marriage," "Sikkim and Tibet," "Tribes and Castes of Bengal," "The People of India," and other works.

Addis Albro, author of "Our Country's Flag," the first book on the origin of the American flag, died last Sunday in Columbus, N. M., at the age of fifty-six. He was known as a clergyman, educator, and lecturer, as well as writer. At the time of his death he was collector of customs at Columbus. He was a personal friend of Theodore Roosevelt, and was a delegate to the Republican convention which nominated Roosevelt for Vice-President. For two years he was chaplain of the New York Senate. He was instrumental in forming the tentative Constitution of New Mexico.

Philip Verrill Mighels, a well-known writer of short stories, died October 13 at Reno., Nev., from a gunshot wound which he accidentally inflicted on himself. He was born in Carson City, Nev., forty-two years ago. He studied law and was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one. Two years afterward he went to San Francisco and engaged in newspaper work. His stories and sketches soon attracted favorable attention, and he came to New York in 1894. From that time he devoted himself solely to writing. Besides the poems of "Out of a Silver Flute," he was the author of "Nella, the Heart of the Army," "When a Witch Is Young," "The Crystal Sceptre," "The Inevitable," "Bruvveh Jim's Baby," "The Ultimate Passion," "Chatwit, the Man-Talk Bird," "Dunny," "Sunnyside Tad." and "The Pillars of Eden," which he also dramatized.

Henry Broadhurst, the first British workingman to become a state minister, died October 11 at the age of seventy-one. He was member of Parliament from 1880 to 1892, and for a while in 1886 was undersecretary of state in the Home Department. He published an autobiography and, with Sir R. T. Reid, a "Handy Book on Leasehold Enfranchisement."

Science

SOME KINDS OF EVOLUTION.

Some Neglected Factors in Evolution. By Henry M. Bernard. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.

Hereditary Characters. By Charles E. Walker. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.40 net.

Convergence in Evolution. By Arthur Willey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

The Mutation Theory. By Hugo de Vries. Vol. II. Translated by J. B. Farmer and A. D. Darbishire. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co. $4 net.

There are few persons who will doubt that the general acceptance of the theory of evolution was a distinct advance intellectually over the traditional cosmological views of the creation of animals and plants. It must be conceded, however, that the advance was largely a substitution of one belief for a better one on the basis of circumstantial evidence, for while there is an abundance of what is sometimes called "indirect proof" of evolution, there is little that may be called direct evidence to establish that principle. If this statement is challenged it need only be pointed out that those who hold fast to the theory of evolution differ widely in their *opinions* as to how the process has taken place and equally widely as to the causes involved. Until it becomes settled as to how animals and plants have evolved no amount of circumstantial evidence can do more than make the theory of evolution a matter of great probability rather than of scientific proof. It is not strange, therefore, that books about evolution continue to be written and published, in which the author, while disclaiming the use of technical language, does not hesitate to address to a popular audience a plea for some new interpretation of how the process of evolution has taken place.

Two appeals of this kind are made in two recent books. Henry M. Bernard writes on "Some Neglected Factors in Evolution." His study of the retina of the eye convinced him that "the simplest possible combination of chromatin bodies and delicate filaments" yield a hypothetical unit of organic structure, the chromidial unit which is capable of manifesting all the phenomena of life. On this slender basis he proceeds to build up an imaginary and highly fantastic account of a conceivable process of evolution. The organism is treated as a network of threads with nodes. The author's attempt to bring such an interpretation into accord with physiological processes shows only too clearly the purely fictitious character of his conception.

In a smaller book, C. E. Walker, director of the Glasgow Cancer Hospital, presents in a popular way the problem of heredity from the point of view of the cells, which are to him "the ultimate units of living matter." He shows a wide and somewhat superficial knowledge of modern biological work on heredity and cytology. His attempt to set up "two classes of characters that behave in different manners with regard to inheritance" cannot be taken seriously, and his hope to bring harmony between biometricians and Mendelians is likely to be treated lightly by both schools. Instead of a scholarly and critical treatment of such difficult questions as the topics discussed, we find a one-sided and arbitrary mode of settling matters that is not likely to appeal to any one familiar with the evidence at first hand.

In a treatise whose range is less pretentious than the preceding two, Arthur Willey presents a collection of heterogeneous facts to support his contention that again and again dissimilar structures or functions have been changed into very similar ones through adaptations to the same end, and hence are hard or impossible to distinguish from resemblances based on a common descent. Since the entire evidence from comparative anatomy in support of the theory of evolution rests on these resemblances, Mr. Willey is consciously undermining some of the props of evolution itself. The author's efforts are, however, so palpably literary, and the lesson intended so out of date, that the damage done to the theory of evolution is not more serious than the author himself would no doubt be the first to admit.

In a different category belongs the already famous book of De Vries, "Die Mutationslehre," which now after eight years appears in translation. Both the original and the translation are printed in two volumes, with the contents somewhat rearranged and abridged in the translation. Here we have a serious and technical book, with the evidence furnished in full to support the author's far-reaching conclusions. Yet despite its erudition and the freshness of much of the new evidence discovered by De Vries, it is surprising to find, within the few years that have elapsed since the German edition appeared, how far our ideas in regard to mutation have advanced, until some parts of the book

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seem to be already behind the times. In two very essential points the central contention of the mutation theory is endangered, or in need of better evidence than that first advanced to establish evolution by mutation. De Vries based his theory of heredity mainly on the behavior of the evening primrose, Œnothera Lamarckiana. This plant, introduced from America, has escaped from European gardens, and at Hilversum, in Holland, De Vries found that eight or nine new types appeared annually. A large part of his book is devoted to a description of the origin and heredity of these new mutants. His studies have led him to the view that the older types of Linnæus are collective, made up of a number of *elementary* species or mutants. These he believes arise suddenly at a jump, as it were, as do the new types from Œnothera Lamarckiana. Instead, therefore, of the slow origin by means of selection of individual differences postulated by Darwin's theory of natural selection, the elementary species arise suddenly. The new types are not only discontinuous, but are definite from the beginning, and do not require a selective process to maintain them in their pure form. That elementary species exist in nature, cannot be disputed, but recent studies have revealed two very serious flaws in de Vries's argument that such processes as these shown by O. Lamarckiana furnish evidence as to how the process of evolution has gone on. In the first place, it has been suggested that O. Lamarckiana is not a wild type at all, but a hybrid, and in consequence the mutation observed by De Vries represents a process of "splitting" and disintegration into the original types, or into combinations of the original characters of the hybrid parents. Leclerc du Sablon in Europe and Davis in America have discovered evidence that throws serious doubts on the purity of O. Lamarckiana. To this is to be added the fact that, despite a thorough search, no such type as Lamarckiana has been found growing wild in this country, whereas a cross between the common species, O. biennis and O. grandiflora, gives a hybrid remarkably like, though not identical with, O. Lamarckiana. It is true that these new hybrids show at once, when inbred, their hybrid origin, while Lamarckiana breeds true, giving for the most part only 2 per cent. of new forms. But even this apparent contradiction may be met on the grounds that Lamarckiana is a very old hybrid that has eliminated most, though not all, of its possible hybrid combinations. Should Lamarckiana prove, then, to be a hybrid, a hard blow will be dealt to the very foundation of the theory that such mutations furnish the basis for progressive evolution.

This brings up the second point. Most of the mutants that are now known are unquestionably due to losses of some one or more characters of the wild type. De Vries called these retrogressive mutations. They follow Mendel's law of heredity. On the other hand, the question is still an open one whether new types that represent something added to the original type arise in this way. It is true that among domesticated races of animals and plants there are many types that appear to have added something to the original type from which they sprang, but a careful examination of the origin of these progressive types often furnishes little evidence that they have arisen suddenly by a single step, or else the examination shows that some inhibitory factor has dropped out whose loss permits the new character to develop further than it did in the original type. The latter cases, therefore, are still retrogressive mutations. Until these matters are cleared up the evidence for evolution furnished by the mutation theory must hang in the balance.

Even supposing, however, that it should turn out that all mutations are losses, and that therefore mutation has played, so to speak, the losing game in evolution, it does not follow that the older Darwinian idea of progressive advance through selection of individual differences is the alternative left; for, whatever discoveries the future has in store, one fact has in recent years been clearly established, namely, that selection of individual differences can produce no such result as was claimed by Darwin. In a word, the kind of variations on which Darwin rested his theory of selection has been convincingly shown not to yield the result that Darwin's theory has maintained.

There are three science books in the list of University of Chicago Press: "Heredity and Eugenics," edited by Prof. John M. Coulter; "American Permian Vertebrates," by Prof. S. W. Williston, and "Agricultural Education," by Benjamin Marshall Davis.

Dr. E. B. Lowry has written for Forbes & Co. of Chicago, "Herself Talks with Women Concerning Themselves."

The attempt which Prof. J. Arthur Thomson makes in his book, "The Biology of the Seasons" (Holt), to unite poetry and pure science is so nearly successful that we readily overlook any shortcomings. He has written a year-book of natural history, devoting about ten chapters to each of the four seasons. The central thesis holds that "life is rhythmic, and that it is punctuated by the seasons and by other external periodic influences." Some of his illustrations follow:

Many vegetable cells, such as simple Algæ, feed during the day and divide at night. The deeply rooted inherent contrast between nutrition and reproduction is externally punctuated. Flowers open and shut, wake and sleep, periodically. Some flowers are intermittent even in their fragrance. The lines of growth on shells and on some bones indicate periodicity, like the rings of growth on a tree, or the rings on the rattlesnake's rattle, and this self-registering of alternations is widespread—as the four illustrations may suggest—in organic nature. In most cases it seems that the punctuation is from without, while the necessity of the alternation is from within. We can read summer and winter on the scales and otoliths of fishes, just as we can read day and night on a bird's feather. The increase to the scales in the summer period is different from that in the winter period, and the daily variations in the bird's blood-pressure are sometimes registered, when feathers are a-making, by the beautiful cross-bars.

The first chapter in each part is impressionistic and gives charmingly the season's chief traits. Professor Thomson has selected his subjects with care and has presented them in admirable form. The most serious drawback to the volume is its altogether English character. Except when the most general subjects are under discussion, one is conscious of a foreign atmosphere. The birds are English birds, so that such inaccurate statements as that which says the red grouse is the "only bird peculiar to Britain" has little significance for us. Even in a list of modern traveller-naturalists there are only English names, and more than once we find expressed rather caustic disbelief of facts obtained by American ornithologists and by other aliens. It is a pity that an American edition was not issued, with the facts and names translated. But any one with more than a passing love for our own fields and woods will find great pleasure in this volume.

Dr. Agrippa Nelson Bell, one of the widest-known physicians in the country, and an authority on hygiene, died last Sunday at his home in Brooklyn, at the age of ninety-one years. He was greatly interested in quarantine work, and was largely instrumental in bringing New York's quarantine station to its present efficiency. Dr. Bell was a native of Virginia and a veteran of the Mexican and civil wars. He served for many years in the navy as an assistant surgeon, and was the author of several medical books.

Drama

"NATIONAL" PLAYS.

Mr. Yeats's attempt to set the Irish in this country straight on the nature of J. M. Synge's drama, "The Playboy of the Western World," was not surprising, considering the amount of opposition which has been shown. The main grounds for objection are said to be the immorality of the principal character—a man who kills his father, and as a fugitive from justice is sustained by other Irishmen. Mr. Yeats asks whether any one would prefer to see his country represented by a Macbeth, a Falstaff, or a Don Quixote. He insists that the central incident is not to be taken as typical of Ireland, and that to conceive of it as such is to show no artistic discrimination. The author has selected a specific—not a general—situation "around which to build his superstructure." If the play is immoral, which Mr. Yeats will not admit, it is no more an affront to the Irish than to

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any others in the audience. He suspects that the parricide is not wholly responsible for this violent antipathy, but that Irish-Americans dislike to see certain characters and conditions of their native land realistically presented, and he warns them that Irish art will never flourish until a writer is free to figure life as he sees it.

Race or national sensitiveness may, it is true, be as unfair to a writer as it is unreasoned. Usually, burlesque, even though it results from an author's shot at the truth, causes no hurt. In London playhouses what American but is amused by the impersonation of a compatriot chewing tobacco, inordinately "guessing," and hot-foot to buy the Sistine Madonna? And we fancy that English and French equally cast sickly smiles —but still a smile—at the "Bah Jove!" and "Oui, oui" men who represent their countries on the American stage. It is the same off the stage as on. Uncle Joe Cannon only grew the happier the more the cartoonists tilted his cigar and the longer his cake-walk strides were made. But as soon as rank exaggeration ceases, sensitiveness begins. As the legal saying has it: "The greater the truth, the greater the libel."

What undoubtedly makes the Irish uneasy in the present instance is the authority given to the portrayal by its Irish authorship. Still, they might reflect that few countries are better off in this respect than theirs. The French look almost in vain for a single drama which sets forth their life typically, and remind us that as a people they are not wholly given to domestic intrigue. And even the world which Shakespeare created is not an accurate or representative mirror, though now and then a character in his works, as, for instance, Henry V, is hailed as embodying typically English traits. Our own country is in the same predicament. Lately, we have stood before the world in terms of unscrupulous captains of industry, or virtuous young college graduates matched against cruel hard-headed adults, or mothers willing to sell their daughters, etc. If various peoples were asked what plays they would each care to be known by, the list would surely contain as false fabrications as those to which they object. "The Rivals" and "She Stoops to Conquer" leave a pleasant taste in all beholders, and Englishmen would like to have us believe that their land is full of such attractiveness. But what of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "Mid-Channel"? If Americans were subjected to the same test, would they not still choose "The Old Homestead," rather than "The Easiest Way"? The Irish in this country are frequently confronted on the stage, without great irritation, by a corrupt Irish politician. But, then, he is always pictured as being good to children and dogs, and that helps.

The problem created by "The Playboy" is probably one, even as Mr. Yeats insists, not for the Irish merely, but for others as well, to pass upon; is in fact æsthetic, not national. One may coolly consider the desirability of an author's choosing for his central situation a remote instance. There may be cases in actual life of a man killing his father and later through repentance and struggle meriting prosperity, but instinctively one trusts that they are rare. Flying in the face of probability makes a proportionate demand upon the writer. It may be that Synge has lived up to the high praise artistically, which Mr. Yeats is trying to win for him. If so, he has created a picture which is great and true, not by virtue of its Irish setting, but because human nature in one of its most appalling aspects has been wrought to a noble purpose. Yet, successful or not, the play will never be dubbed typically Irish for centring upon parricide.

Ben Greet is publishing, through Doubleday, Page & Co., "Shakespeare a Child Can Read and Act."

Houghton Mifflin Company adds this week to its Riverside Press series, "Romeo and Juliet."

Gordon Craig's forthcoming book, "On the Art of the Theatre" (Chicago: Browne's Bookstore), tries to explain the art of preparing a play for the audience.

Maeterlinck's "Aglavaine et Sélysette" will be published shortly by Dodd, Mead & Co. in an English version.

On or about November 25 the Broadway Publishing Co. will issue, under the title "50 Years in Theatrical Management," reminiscences of M. B. Leavitt; the volume will have 485 separate portraits and will be sumptuously produced.

"What the Public Wants" (George H. Doran Co.), a four-act play by Arnold Bennett, is on the same general subject as, and might have been inspired by, "The Earth," of James Bernard Fagin, which is a much stronger work on the dramatic, or, at any rate, on the theatrical, side. Both are satirical attacks upon the modern monopolistic commercial journalist. Mr. Bennett's experience of newspaper life enables him to lift the veil from some editorial mysteries, and to make some fairly interesting copy, but it may be doubted whether a publication office conducted upon any such prodigal plan as he indicates would produce the millions of which he speaks so glibly. Like most facile writers, he falls easily into exaggeration, but there is a good deal of truth, unquestionably, in his conception of the character of the newspaper proprietor whose rule of life is to make money by printing stuff that the lower, more numerous, and least fastidious classes of the community are willing to pay for. He depicts a man who, though completely devoid of moral instinct, scholarship, or natural refinement, desires to figure as a patron of the arts, and therefore confers benefactions on Oxford and assumes the management of an independent theatre, which he proceeds promptly to make profitable and popular. He even dreams of establishing a salon, and, with that end in view, engages himself to a clever actress, who, in the end, dismisses him, despite his vast wealth, on account of his indifference to all dictates of social decency. Mr. Bennett exposes the meanness, the greed, the vulgarity, the hypocrisy, and the callous degradation of the yellow editor, and employs many humorous and forceful touches, but he has not succeeded, as Mr Fagan did, in drawing a powerful and menacing personality. As drama, his work is of small account, but as a satirical squib, it may amuse many readers, especially those who can recognize the original identity of some of the fictitious characters beneath the very thin veil of disguise. Mr. Bennett assails managers and critics as well as editors, and lays himself open to the suspicion of paying off old scores.

Otto Ludwig's "Erbförster" is a play which students of German may be expected to read with pleasure and profit, and in which students of the drama find much to admire and much to dubitate about. The edition (Holt) by Prof. M. C. Stewart is more nearly adequate to the needs of the first class of students than to the needs of the second class. The Notes interpret most of the difficult passages of the text, though the explanations given are not always either precise or satisfying; but the Introduction, unoriginal and uninspiring, does not lead to a just appreciation of Ludwig's drama. The immediate ancestor of "Der Erbförster" is Iffland's "Jäger," and every discussion of the question whether "Der Erbförster" belongs in the category of the dramas of fate must be based upon Jakob Minor's articles on this subject.

The popular and critical welcome extended to "Bunty Pulls the Strings," the Scotch comedy by Graham Moffat now to be seen in the Comedy Theatre, is due chiefly to the realistic quality of the piece, which is in effective and pleasant contrast with the artificiality so generally prevalent upon the stage. The play itself is not remarkable for either the strength or novelty of its motive, the ingenuity of its construction, or the brilliancy of its dialogue, while the humor of it, though positive and constant, is not always of the tonic or agreeable sort. Actually it is a somewhat cynical satire, in spite of its comic illustrations, upon the selfishness and hypocrisy of ordinary human nature as exhibited in a rural group of Scotch Presbyterians. The senior elder of the kirk, a flourishing grocer—who will not permit his children even to look out of the window on the Sabbath—has appropriated trust funds in order to pay the debts of a son whom by his severity he has driven into evil courses, and has changed his name in order to escape a woman with whom he has broken troth. The sanctified old spinster, whom he has defrauded, insists upon marriage as the price of silence, until she is proved to be a thief herself. The heroine uses her lover's savings to prevent a family scandal, while the minor characters are either ludicrous or insignificant. But each individual personage is real enough to be a copy from the life, and, moreover, there is nothing in their composite action that is not entirely plausible and consistent. For once, apparently, the mirror has been held up to nature and no attempt made to tamper with the reflection.

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Herein lie the power and the value of the whole thing. The author evidently is much more of an observer than a creator. Tammas Biggar, the pharisaical grocer; Susie Simpson, the vinegarish and canting old maid; Bunty herself, the bustling little Scotch body who manages so successfully her own affairs and those of everybody else; the foolish, "goody-goody" lover, Weelum Sprunt; the buxom boarding-house keeper, Eelen Dunlop, who is willing to be either wife or housekeeper, on conditions, and the miscellaneous folk who gather in the church scene, are, in almost every instance, closely akin to very old stage figures, but have been made to act and talk like veritable human beings. If they were less photographically accurate, more broadly typical of national characteristics, they would, of course, be infinitely more valuable from the dramatic and artistic point of view. As it stands, the piece is an exceedingly lifelike and amusing sketch, which is important as a comparatively new experiment in the direction of Scottish comedy. But it cannot be placed in the same category with the best Irish plays of the Abbey Theatre. Mr. Moffat is not a J. M. Synge or a J. M. Barrie.

Madame Simone, for whom Henri Bernstein wrote his play, "The Thief," and who was greatly praised in Paris for her performance of the heroine, Marie Voysin, played that part in English for the first time in Daly's Theatre on Monday evening, and won a decided though not an overwhelming success. Evidently she is an artist of fine training and rare intelligence, though not, probably, of great emotional force. When "The Thief" was produced here originally the character of Marie was interpreted by Margaret Illington with much emotional vigor and eloquence, if not with any particular subtlety. The American actress strove—and, to a certain extent, successfully—to create sympathy for a distressed woman without much reference to her conduct or deserts. Her performance appealed to sentiment rather than to the understanding. Madame Simone's interpretation, on the other hand, is intellectual rather than emotional, and is more artistic—because more consistent and logical—if less theatrically impressive. It is probable also that she depicted it in the spirit designed by the author, who, doubtless, had her artistic limitations in mind when he wrote it. Briefly Marie is a woman so infatuated by her somewhat untrustworthy husband that she will stick at nothing to retain his favor. In her utter selfishness she remorselessly sacrifices an innocent youth to conceal her own treachery and crime. Madame Simone presents a woman manifestly capable of the actions ascribed to her, which Miss Illington did not do. But it must be noted that it is extremely doubtful whether Madame Simone could have exhibited the emotional abandonment of Miss Illington even if she had so desired. The impression created by her first appearance is that she is a charming and able, but not a great, performer. Her English is excellent except in passionate passages, when it is apt to become indistinct.

E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe, who will soon return to this country from their summer vacation abroad, will open their season at the Shubert Theatre, Brooklyn, on October 30. They will then play a four weeks' engagement at the Manhattan Opera House in this city. Their season this year will be a long one, extending to the first of July. No new Shakespearean play will be added to their repertory, but they will rely on "Macbeth," "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Merchant of Venice," "The Taming of the Shrew," "As You Like It," and "Twelfth Night." Next year they will make two new Shakespearean productions, one of which will be "Cymbeline."

"Whether or not 'The Sentimentalists' is 'a play,' or would have been 'a play' if Meredith had ever finished it, it is delightful to see and hear it again," says a writer in the London *Times*, "especially after fearing that one would never see it again. Further acquaintance further reveals its wit, its wisdom, and the beauty of its language; it is the essence of Meredith, the burden of some of his 'stiffest' poems, set easily and attractively before you."

A London journal describes one of the latest scenic inventions which Gordon Craig has patented:

The device is extremely simple. It consists of folding screens, which will stand of themselves without being fastened either to the stage or to ropes, rollers, or beams in the "flies." The screens can be made of any size required. They may be thirty feet high or only eight feet; they may have three folds or a dozen, and each fold may be one foot wide or six feet. Three men in three minutes could move or remove a whole scene, and, folded flat, each screen would take up very little space. The obvious advantages are the ease and quickness with which these things can be handled, and the simplicity of the manipulation. To change a scene would no longer be to roll up or roll down great canvases, to screw and unscrew bolts, to adjust and fasten ropes, to remove entirely an elaborately built-up set, and put another in its place. A complete change of scene can be obtained merely by rearranging a few screens. And when it is necessary (as in the case of touring companies) to take away the complete scenery of a play, the carpenters, instead of working all night and losing some very important piece of the outfit, could transport the folded screens to the van at a reasonable hour.

Music

Voice and its Natural Development. By Herbert Jennings. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

The Philosophy of Music. By Halbert Hains Britan. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.35 net.

Unfigured Harmony. By Percy C. Buck. New York: Henry Frowde. $2.

School of the Piano Pedal. By W. S. B. Mathews. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.50.

Great as is the number of books on the singing and speaking voice, after reading Mr. Jennings's little volume of 220 pages one welcomes his announcement that he is at work on a larger book which will more exhaustively consider both the cultivation of the voice through its various stages of development and the correction of defects. The present volume touches only those points in training the voice for public speaking and singing that are absolutely essential to obtaining clear enunciation and to protecting the vocal organs from fatigue and overstrain; but it treats these topics with a directness, a lucidity, and an aptness of illustration that make it one of the most valuable of all publications on these topics. It is still as true as it was in the days of Locke that "too little care is taken to improve men in their own language so that they may be masters of it," and most actors still, as in the days of Shakespeare, mouth the speech instead of pronouncing it trippingly on the tongue. The average Englishman's delivery is, as the author remarks, loose, muffled, and "fluffy," and in the theatres it is no unusual sight to perceive people putting their hands behind their ears in order to catch a sentence. The dwindling congregations so often complained of are, in Mr. Jennings's opinion, due in some measure to the great lack of rhetorical power amongst the modern clergy. Most singers and speakers, too, suffer from frequent huskiness—one variety of it is clergyman's sore-throat. The case is mentioned of one clergyman of seventy in a busy London suburb, whose speech had become so husky and indistinct that his discourses were painful to utter or to listen to, and he was nigh losing his position; but with less than two months of correct vocal study he was completely restored. The method by which such a cure can be effected is set forth here convincingly in chapters on increasing the power of the voice, defective utterance, tone and its cultivation, natural pitch, articulation, followed by sections on public speaking, emphasis, gesture, and facial expression.

From Lewiston, Maine, one would expect a book on pioneer work in some improved form of lumbering or manufacturing, rather than a treatise on the Philosophy of Music. Dr. Britan, who is professor of philosophy at Bates College, is quite mistaken in supposing that in writing his book he was doing pioneer work in musical æsthetics. There are hundreds of books, chapters, and essays on the subject quite as important as the list of seventeen treatises which make up his bibliography; a list which does not include the writings of Hegel, Schopenhauer, Eduard von Hartmann, Lotze, Engel, Stumpf, Helmholtz, Wallaschek, Seidl, Ehrlich, and others who have contributed important data or suggestions. Most of the things Professor Britan says are true, many of them self-evident; his style is usually so dry and abstruse that his pages make dull reading. Had he read the treatises just named, particularly those of Eduard von Hartmann and Stumpf, he would have seen that he is entering as a pioneer a field which has already not only been long cultivated, but in some parts intensively so. To many professionals, and especially to musical critics, we nevertheless commend a careful perusal of Professor Britan's pages (207-227) in

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which he shows conclusively that the final test of the value of a musical composition is not its sensuous beauty, or its form (as so many hold), but the inherent worth of its thought content.

Thought content is what one usually misses in the music of England. Possibly this is due in part to the fact that English composers are brought up too exclusively on figured-bass as a means of teaching harmony. Percy C. Buck, who is professor of music in the University of Dublin, is at any rate convinced that the musical knowledge acquired by figured-bass exercises, which are used almost exclusively, can by itself produce only a bricklayer, whereas every worker should cherish the hope of becoming a master-builder. His book on unfigured harmony is an attempt to teach writers how to acquire the sense of style and build on their own initiative. What a student most needs to know is how to harmonize melodies, and to this problem, in its advanced and elementary stages, the greater part of this treatise is devoted. The chapter on Harmonization of Melodies is preceded by one on Modulation and followed by three entitled Unfigured Basses, Inner Melodies, and Ground Basses. The illustrations and examples in musical type are useful and good in every way. One marvels at the thoroughness expected of students who try to pass the musical examinations in the Irish and English universities. Incidentally, the author pens a number of aphorisms, such as: "Few tunes start on an accented note"; "constructive ability is notoriously less common than analytic"; "the whole art of repetition in any form of art is the deliberate increasing, or abating, of emotion." Most timely and commendable is the warning given as to the true meaning of the word modern: "There is an unpardonable tendency amongst young students to imagine that they bring music up to date by cramming in all the accidentals possible. It is scarcely untrue to say that the reverse is the case."

One of the leading musical educators in America for many years has been W. S. B. Mathews. Among the many contributions he has made to tone pedagogy none is more valuable than his School of the Piano Pedal. It was not till the time of Chopin and Liszt that the extraordinary importance of the pedal for enriching tones and combining them into novel harmonies was understood, and to this day the majority of teachers devote most of their time to finger exercises, neglecting the pedal. To pedal a piece well is, however, as Mr. Mathews says, "more difficult than to write out a really artistic fingering for an individual hand." To teachers, therefore, as well as to pupils, his treatise must be commended; in fact, there are not a few among the best class of concert pianists who might profit by reading this book. It has special sections (with abundant citations from the works of great masters) on the pedal for legato playing; for connecting basses with the chords and chords among themselves; for atmosphere; and for curious and unusual effects. The only thing to regret is that Mr. Mathews did not discard the misleading traditional word "damper" pedal for the mechanism on the right which *removes* the damper. The expression is as foolish as the word "nasal" applied to tones which are *not* enriched by nasal resonance.

Ernest Ford is publishing through Treherne of London "A Short History of English Music."

"The Musical Amateur," by Robert Haven Schauffler, is issued this week by Houghton Mifflin Company.

Christopher Welch has written "The Recorder and Other Flutes"; it will be published shortly by Henry Frowde, with 112 illustrations.

"Thirty Songs by Liszt" is a timely addition to Ditson's Musicians' Library. They are selected, edited, and annotated by Dr. Carl Ambruster, the eminent pianist, conductor, and lecturer, who is at present musical adviser of the London County Council. Other new volumes in the Ditson series are: "Selected Piano Compositions of Schubert," edited by August Spanuth; "One Hundred Folk-Songs of All Nations," edited by Granville Bantock, and Krehbiel's selection of "Songs from the Operas," for baritone and bass voices.

Of the many biographies of Beethoven, the best is still that of the American, Alexander Wheelock Thayer. The Germans themselves have acknowledged this without dissent, and two of their scholars, H. Deiters and Hugo Riemann, have in succession incorporated in its text the results of the latest researches. Among the shorter sketches, none is more serviceable than that of H. A. Rudall, who was able to build on the labors of Thayer and also those of Grove. A new edition of his "Beethoven" has just been issued by the Scribners, in company with new editions of "Mozart," by Dr. F. Gehring; "Purcell," by Dr. William H. Cummings; and "English Church Composers," by William Alex Barrett. Gehring is a well-known German scholar, a contributor to Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians." His biography of Mozart embodies many of the most valuable points in Jahn, without any of that specialist's prolixities. In writing the life of Purcell, Dr. Cummings had no easy task, as the historians whose duty it was to gather information regarding England's foremost composer—Sir John Hawkins and Dr. Burney—neglected their opportunities. His own sketch of Purcell's career was first printed as long ago as 1882, in Novello's Great Musicians series (a fact which it would have done no harm to mention in the new edition), and it is still the standard treatise on this master, whose genius had so great an influence on Handel. Because of the exhaustive treatment of his labors by Dr. Cummings, Mr. Barrett disposes of him briefly in his volume on English Church Composers, reserving his space for Tallis, Birde, Bull, Morley, Gibbons, Barnard, and a multitude of others who won fame in this field.

Art

Houghton Mifflin Company will issue shortly: "The Life and Works of Winslow Homer," by William H. Downes, and "Portraits of Dante," by Richard T. Holbrook.

Oxford books announced by Henry Frowde include: "Byzantine Art and Archæology," by O. M. Dalton of the British Museum.

Bell & Sons announce a volume of papers and addresses by Walter Crane, called "William Morris to Whistler," and Reginald Blomfield's "History of French Architecture from the Reign of Charles VIII to the Death of Mazarin," 2 vols., and above 300 illustrations.

In "Furniture," announced by Duffield & Co., Esther Singleton undertakes to trace the history and evolution of this art from early times.

A volume dealing with Chardin, whose significance in the development of painting Herbert E. A. Furst, the author, holds to be great, is this month added to the handsome Classics of Art series (Scribner).

Paul Elder & Co. have in hand, under the title "Envelope Brochures," a series whose purpose is to present exquisite examples of typography.

George H. Doran Company's latest additions to art gift books include: "Stories from Hans Andersen," illustrated by Edmund Dulac; "David Copperfield," illustrated by Frank Reynolds; Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," illustrated by Eleanor F. Brickdale; Sheridan's "School for Scandal," illustrated by Hugh Thomson; Dickens's "Christmas Carol," illustrated by A. C. Michael; "Arundel Library of Great Masters"; "Below Zero," with colored plates by Noel Pocock, and verse by A. E. Johnson; "The Story of France," by H. E. Marshall, illustrated in color; "Fairies I Have Met," by Mrs. Stawell, illustrated by Edmund Dulac; "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics," by Francis T. Palgrave, illustrated by leading artists; "Stories From the Arabian Nights," retold by Laurence Housman, drawings by Edmund Dulac; "Days With Great Composers, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert," illustrated by portraits; "Days with the English Poets, Tennyson, Byron, Browning," with twenty plates in color; "The Garden of Love," anthology, by May Byron; Walton's "The Compleat Angler," with color plates by J. H. Thorpe; "Thoughts on Hunting," by Peter Beckford, illustrated by G. D. Armour; "The Power of the Dog," done in color by Maud Earl, described by A. Croxton Smith; Children's Series, including: "The Treasure-Book of Children's Verse," edited by Mabel and Lilian Quiller-Couch; "The Kewpies and Dotty Darling," verses and pictures by Rose O'Neill; "The Book of Baby Beasts," illustrated by E. J. Detmold, described by May Byron; "Cecil Aldin's Happy Family," illustrated; "This Year's Book For Boys," illustrated by color plates; "The Peek-a-Boos," color and verse by Chloë Preston; "The Teddy Bearoplane," "The Little Small Red Hen," and "Adventures of Dumpy Dimple, and His Dog," by May Byron;

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"Fables from Æsop," illustrated by Percy Billinghurst.

The greater part of Cecilia Waern's "Mediæval Sicily" (Dutton) is devoted to an account of the arts and crafts of the island in the brilliant century of Norman rule. Mosaic had not yet given way to fresco, and stone-carving had not reached the dignity of an independent art, but the churches and palaces of the Normans were decorated with all the beauties that the workers in glass and wood and marble could supply, and there remain vases, ivories, jewels, and a wealth of woven stuffs, to testify to the skill of the lesser craftsmen. The art was Norman only in its patronage. Church plans were almost invariably Byzantine, and the decoration was now Byzantine, now Saracenic, now South Italian. Miss Waern's descriptions are no less careful than enthusiastic, and she is familiar with the best technical studies of the several monuments. Her interest is in the whole life of mediæval Sicily, as well as in its art. She traces the old streets and quarters of Palermo, and quotes at length from the curious records of travellers and geographers of the Norman period. The humble life of peasants and city workmen and the luxury of the palaces are alike reflected, and bits of modern folklore that seem to be survivals from mediæval times are reported *con amore*. The book is finely illustrated.

A. L. Baldry has inquired into the methods of nineteen British painters in water-color, and the result of the quest is a quarto volume, with thirty-eight good color plates, called "The Practice of Water-Colour Painting" (Macmillan). Among these painters the most prominent perhaps are Alfred East, Frank Brangwyn, Arthur Rackham, and Arthur Wardle. Considered as a picture-book, this work has much to commend it. Whoever looks for practical guidance in it will be disappointed. There is no modern method of water-color painting. Wardle's amazing animals are gouached upon colored paper. The method is that of oil. Brangwyn paints either in water color or body color, but regards the mixture as a solecism. Some painters leave the original wash, some build upon it tenderly, others scrub and wash it out vigorously for texture. Some wash out when they must; others do so regularly. Some regard retouching in body color as a necessary evil, others as a usual resource. In short the much vaunted school of British water-color painting rejoices in complete anarchy, or let us say more politely in untrammelled individualism. For Mr. Baldry all ways are good, even combinations of pastel and aquarelle do not offend him. To the present writer few of the reproduced pictures seem of a quality to make the analysis of their *facture* either important or exemplary. It may be noted, perhaps, that men in whom the inventive quality is unmistakably strong—men like Rackham, Weguelin, and Brangwyn—have a tendency to the old-fashioned practice of leaving the original washes in their fair transparency.

The veteran landscape painter, James Aumonier, the report of whose death has reached us, was one of the few survivors of the company of English landscape painters who succeeded the pre-Raphaelite movement. Associated with him in particular were Buxton Knight, Charles, and Fisher.

Finance

EUROPEAN LENDERS AND AMERICAN BORROWERS.

Foreign financial critics have laid emphasis of late on one aspect of the present confused position which amounts to a financial innovation, and which has come into stronger light this week. In virtually every disturbance of Europe's money markets for a decade past, until this year, the urgent borrowings by Wall Street in Europe were an aggravating cause. This was particularly true when the foreign bank rates were concertedly advanced in 1905, 1906, 1907, and 1909. Even in 1910, the salient fact of the day was New York's besieging of foreign money markets, Paris particularly, to raise money on new bonds, new stocks, short notes, and finance bills. What is happening this season is that, while Europe's money markets have been confronted with stringency and disorder through causes in which America had no part, New York is doing its best to stop the trouble by enormous loans to Europe.

This European borrowing from our banks began a month ago; it was Berlin particularly which asked for loans, and offered 6 per cent. or more for them. That demand was commonly ascribed to the German crisis of the first week of September, and to preparations for financing the extraordinary requirements of the October settlement week. But the borrowing continued after the German market had recovered and the October account had been adjusted.

Last week, the inquiry broadened to a point where international bankers estimated that our market's loans to Paris, Berlin, and London exceeded $150,000,000. More than half of this sum has been advanced to German borrowers, whose aggregate demands on this market, during the past six weeks, have been quite unprecedented. The inquiry for exchange with which to transfer these credits explains why foreign exchange has ruled firm this month, in the face of shipment of cotton and other merchandise from New York of unprecedented magnitude for this month—which would usually have broken foreign exchange and caused gold imports.

From the home money market's point of view, the inducement to make these foreign loans lay in the fact that Wall Street borrowers were last week bidding only 3½ per cent. for ninety day secured loans, when virtually 4½ per cent. was offered by German borrowers. Further inducement, having great weight with the large New York banks, arose from the consideration that an institution making such an advance to a Berlin bank does not necessarily have to tie up its funds for a fixed period, as would be the case in making a ninety-day loan here. That is because the three months bill, which the German borrower gives as evidence of his indebtedness, can always be converted into cash before maturity, should the New York lender suddenly wish to use the money otherwise.

Since our banks cannot possibly, under present conditions in the speculative market, lend out on call the money ordinarily employed in Stock Exchange demand loans, without breaking the Wall Street rate to less than 1 per cent., they are naturally glad to make quick loans to the great banks of Europe at such advantageous terms. The situation has even been taken advantage of by the foreign buyer of our cotton, to finance his purchases in this market. Ordinarily he would discount his bills abroad; he is able now to procure his accommodation on this side through the Wall Street correspondent of his London, Paris, or German bank.

The episode is most unusual. It is not, to be sure, the first occasion when New York has loaned money on the grand scale to Europe. Our bankers took some $200,000,000 of the British war loans in 1901 and 1902, besides from twenty to forty millions of new bond issues by the German Empire and the German cities. We also bought up, at a prodigious price, the English steamship lines. But that was not a result of home reserves of capital greater than home demands; for American money rates were high in that period, demands of domestic finance and industry unprecedented, and our own borrowings from Europe on finance bills had been some $250,000,000. We were actually lending Europe's own money back to her.

Since then—except for 1904, when our $150,000,000 loans to Japan may possibly be described as indirect advances to Europe—New York has been a persistent and at times enormous borrower abroad for all sorts of purposes, including the financing of "booms" on our Stock Exchange. We drifted very far away from the days, in 1900 and 1901, when excitable Wall Street used to talk of New York supplanting London as the financial centre of the world. But here is Wall Street again financing Europe, and even London explaining how another advance in the Bank of England rate may be avoided if New York will send it gold—which virtually means, if New York will lend enough more money.

The explanation is not altogether difficult. Financial America saw its own reckoning ahead, nearly two years ago. It tried to avert this, first by strengthening its home bank position, next by selling to Europe all the securities and merchandise it could place with foreign buyers. All that did not prevent the impending liquidation, which was thorough and drastic on every American market, whether financial or industrial, and which released very large

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amounts of tied-up capital. But the necessary upshot of this coincidence of so many measures of relief was, in the end, an American money market oversupplied with unemployed liquid capital. Just at the moment when this state of things became visible in America, Continental Europe entered on the phase of drastic financial strain which had confronted America at the beginning of 1910.

No doubt the problem of chief interest is, what the state of markets, home and foreign, will be when the European liquidation also has been completed. The one certain fact is, that these recent events in international finance throw light on the unusually strong position of this country.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbot, C. G. The Sun. D. Appleton. $2.50 net.
Abbott, Lyman. My Four Anchors. Boston: Pilgrim Press.
Adams, C. F. Studies Military and Diplomatic, 1775-1865. Macmillan. $2.50.
Adams, S. H. Average Jones. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Æsop's Fables. Drawings by E. Boyd Smith. Century. $2 net.
Anderson, Galusha. When Neighbors Were Neighbors. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.20 net.
Bailey, H. T. The Victorious Surrender. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 25 cents net.
Baldwin, May. Teddy and Lily's Adventures. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Beach, E. L. Ensign Ralph Osborne. Boston: Wilde Co. $1.50.
Belcher, Henry. The First American Civil War, 1775-1778. 2 vols. Macmillan. $6.50 net.
Bennet, R. A. Out of the Primitive. Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.
Bennett, Arnold. The Truth About an Author. New edition. Doran. $1 net.
Benton, J. H. Warning Out in New England. Boston: W. B. Clarke Co.
Béranger's Morceaux Choisis. Preface by Serge Fleury. Putnam.
Bland-Sutton, J. Man and Beast in Eastern Ethiopia. Macmillan. $3.50 net.
Bliss, W. F. History in the Elementary Schools. American Book Co. 80 cents.
Bodger, J. A Toy Party. Illustrated in color. Warne & Co. 50 cents net.
Boodin, J. E. Truth and Reality. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Brainerd, Norman. Winning the Junior Cup. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.25.
Briggs, L. B. R. Girls and Education. Boston. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Browning's Pied Piper of Hamelin. Illustrated by Kate Greenaway. Warne & Co $1.50.
Bryant, E. A. On Life's Highway: a Book of Verse for Graduates. Crowell. $1.50 net.
Bunge, M. L. Abraham Lincoln: A Historical Drama in Four Acts. Milwaukee, Wis.: Coöperative Printery.
Burton, T. E. Corporations and the State. D. Appleton. $1.25 net.
Calendar for Saints and Sinners, 1912. Chicago: Forbes. $1.
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